HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXIII.—No. 1151.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1879. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1878, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

THE LONE FISHERMAN (FROM MASS.); OR, THE BULLDOZED OLD MAN.

"The friends of General Butler credit him with an intention of organizing a new Democratic party, which shall be made 'the especial champion of human rights.'"

—*Washington correspondence of the Tribune.*

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR POSTAGE FREE.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, or HARPER'S BAZAR will be sent for one year to any Subscriber in the United States, POSTAGE PREPAID by the Publishers, on receipt of Four Dollars.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1879.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a fine double-page engraving of Norwich Cathedral, and other attractions.*

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

PROSPECTS.

THE restoration of specie payments completes the return of the country to the normal usages disturbed by the war, and it is fitting and pleasant that the result should have been accomplished under a Republican Administration. Indeed, the career of the Republican party up to the 1st of January, 1879, with all exceptions and shortcomings and abuses and evils that have been known during the nineteen years since it came into power, is more remarkable and more beneficial to the country and human liberty than that of any other party in our history. It has dealt with infinitely greater problems than any other party, and, upon the whole, it has dealt with them wisely. There is much to be deprecated in the details of its history, but certainly very much less than in those of the history of its great rival. Nothing is more remarkable than that the Democratic party, which is called by many of its adherents the true American party, or the party of true American principles, is historically the party of human slavery and of disunion; and the present attitude of parties is largely due to that fact, and to the profound distrust which it produces.

The year opens auspiciously. Business is undoubtedly slowly reviving, and the real power of the country has been shown, as was so well pointed out by Mr. GLADSTONE, by the steady payment of the debt. While the legal-tender notes were at par before the day of actual resumption, we had paid more than five hundred millions of dollars of debt, lowered the rate of the interest-bearing debt, reduced taxation, and in the midst of universal prostration of industry the country has emphatically rebuked those who would have tempted it to financial dishonor. These are great facts, and nothing has done more to close the year with confidence and hope than the signal overthrow of doubtful or dishonest financial schemes.

Politically the year opens very quietly. The design, which was seriously entertained, of undertaking a disturbance of the Presidential title, has been wholly frustrated, not only by public indignation, but by the revelation of attempted corruption by Democratic agents. The new fact in the political situation is the frauds at the polls in the Congressional elections in the Southern States. The tendency of this revelation—assuming the facts to be established—is to combine all Northern voters, except the adherents of the Democratic party, against the Democratic nomination in 1880 as representing a control unjustly obtained. The year has witnessed a remarkable change in political prospects, and the situation now points to continued Republican ascendency. The only doubt arises from the reluctance of many Republicans to recognize the distinctive principles of the Administration in regard to the South and to reform as truly Republican. If the spirit of the Executive action in these two points alone had been heartily sustained by the undivided party, there would have been hardly a question of the result. For it is precisely those who are alienated by the doubt whether real reforms and progress are to be expected from the Republicans whose support is indispensable to Republican success. Meanwhile real party divisions have largely ceased to exist. There are free-traders and hard-money men in both parties, and in both men who favor the same general policy for the South and for reform. But they hold to their own camps from a feeling of mutual distrust. The election of 1880 is hardly likely to be a contest of principle or policy. It will be traditional and personal, and the most powerful element in it will be that traditional distrust of Southern influence which Southern leaders have had the fatuity to increase. The interest of the contest will be confined to a few States. The South will be conceded in every calculation to the Democrats, and New York will be an important if not vital State. This in turn affects the question of candidates. The late election showed that New York is held by the Democrats and Greenbackers. Should they unite, it would not be easy for the Republicans to carry the State. This involves serious considerations for both sides. There is no State in the Union in which sounder financial views are held than by many Democrats in New York. They would not support an unsound man, but, under the circumstances, they would probably decline to vote. That they are perfectly capable of doing this the Democratic abstention from the support of Mr. GREELEY in 1872 shows. Yet some fifty thousand Democrats probably voted the Greenback ticket last November. It will not be an easy task to find a candidate who can satisfactorily unite these two wings, so as to secure the whole vote. Upon the Republican side there is more harmony on the financial question, but there are serious differences as to methods and policies, which will make the selection of a candidate for Republicans also a delicate matter. But the tendency of the State, so far as it can be now guessed, will be Republican.

THE NEW CAPITOL OF NEW YORK.

WITH the beginning of the new year the Legislature of New York takes possession of the new Capitol at Albany, and the citizens of Albany will hold a reception in the building. The old Capitol was singularly and ludicrously inadequate to the requirements of the executive and legislative departments of a great State, but the change is prodigious. It is leaping suddenly, without gradation, from the comparatively modest state of seventy years ago to the imperial splendor of to-day. In the old building the very bareness and simplicity of every room and of all the accommodations may have been supposed to exercise some restraining and moderating influence. It had, at least, the lustre of great traditions and of famous men. In appearance it preserved all the simplicity of the earlier republic. But we must ruefully confess that in this plain and modest and historic building the shameful TWEED corruptions culminated, and in these bare and simple halls very much has been done to degrade our political character and to disgrace our political name.

Purity of legislation and loftiness of political feeling do not, after all, depend upon greater or less splendor of architecture, although it is equally true that no great art can ever arise among a sordid and corrupt people. The new Capitol is an immense and imposing building, still unfinished, and erected at enormous cost. It has recently been under most intelligent control, and some of the defects of the original design have been dexterously remedied. As the Legislature seats itself, the natural wish is that its acts may be worthy of the place in which it sits and of the State which it represents. It is a Legislature Republican by a great majority, and its conduct will be closely scanned by friends and foes. As the first assembly in the Capitol which seems built to endure with the hill on which it stands, it will necessarily be a historic Legislature. By every consideration, therefore, it is exhorted to wisdom and dignity.

The loss of tradition and association consequent upon the occupation of a new public building is one of the imagination and sentiment. But they also play some part in public life. The old hall of the Representatives in Washington is now practically a mere vestibule, but it is hardly less interesting to the intelligent visitor than the rococo hall of the actual House; and during the spell of the drowsiest and driest arguments in the Supreme Court room the lulled listener still sees great figures around him, and hears the eloquence of Senatorial debates long silent. The new Legislature begins the traditions of the new Capitol. May they begin worthily!

DEAN STANLEY AND AMERICA.

THIS generation of Americans can hardly understand the sensitiveness of our fathers fifty years ago to English comments upon America. The TROLLOPE and FIEDLER and BASIL HALL era followed that of the terrible sneer of SYDNEY SMITH, "Who reads an American book?" the time when PAULDING took up the cudgels for us and "answered back." The war, which showed us to others, revealed us also to ourselves; and if another DICKENS should write another *Chuzzlewit*, we should laugh at the caricature without resenting the extravagance. The recent address of Dean STANLEY at Birmingham shows that accomplished Englishmen who come to this country are now beginning to get beyond the "How very odd!" and to observe differences with a philosophic spirit, and not with that amusing form of barbarism which supposes that what is not familiar is inferior. Dean STANLEY'S visit was undoubtedly very agreeable to him personally, and, as a man of scholarship and intellectual acuteness, his observation in a brief tour was very much more valuable than that of many long journeys of another kind of man.

His address, which the dean calls "Aspects of American Life," is a rapid glance at our history and a record of some of his own observations. The spirit in which he treats American history may be seen in the passage in which he speaks of WASHINGTON as "our great countryman, for such he was, the father of the American commonwealth." In the same generous spirit of manly sympathy are his allusions to the piety and munificence that endow great institutions of learning in America, and to the masters of our literature. He finds it impossible to compare our political institutions, because the two spheres of the Old World and the New are incommensurable; but he admits the anticipation, long common to both countries, of a vast future development here for the English race. He does not speak of defects which he says are fully set forth in the teeming columns of our journals, and he quotes from the address of "the venerable sage who stands at the head of American literature," Mr. EMERSON, that our civilization is yet incomplete.

This address of Dean STANLEY will certainly show that he can have had no malevolence toward America in offering to write an inscription upon a stone to mark where ANDRÉ was hung. He would evidently be perfectly willing to see a statue or a monument erected to WASHINGTON in England, and he doubtless thinks of them both as Englishmen honestly differing. British opinion in general, however, hardly yet takes that philosophic view of OLIVER CROMWELL and the king. It will be some time probably before statues of GARRISON and GRANT are erected in the Southern States, or of CALHOUN and Stonewall JACKSON in New England. As a matter of fact there has been no proposition to build a monument to ANDRÉ, but to place a stone to mark the place of his execution. Yet it is by the humane and catholic spirit of men like Dean STANLEY on both sides of the sea that international good feeling is fostered, and the reign of peace begun.

PROSPECTS OF REFORM.

THERE is so much sprightly ridicule of the general subject of civil service reform that many of its sincere friends become discouraged, and fear that nothing, after all, is likely to be accomplished. But their real ground of confidence is remembrance of the fact that reform proposes a change in practices which have become firmly intrenched in tradition, and which are gravely defended as necessary under any system of free government by party, and that consequently there must be more than public interest—there must be a public demand—before there can be a real and reasonable change. Like all reforms of the kind in this country, it must come up from the people: it can not come down from an Administration, however strong may be its convictions and earnest its purpose. The active political class, the managers of caucuses and conventions, and generally even members of Congress, are strongly opposed to reform, and politics are practically very much what they determine. But this is no new situation. The real spring of change in our politics is the opinion which lies behind Congress, and which at length becomes strong enough to elect Representatives and to control policy. Leadership has come to mean largely a shrewd guess at the way the wind is going to blow, and adjusting speech and conduct accordingly. But in every free community it is opinion that directs the official agent much more than the agent who determines the opinion.

Those who complain that the Administration has not fulfilled its promise in regard to reform may very easily confound their own wishes and expectations with the purpose of the Administration. We have seen a great many warm and positive statements from able editors of what in their judgment constituted civil service reform, and very severe strictures from the same hands upon the recreancy of an Administration which had failed to do what the able editors thought ought to be done. So, also, many good friends of reform have feared that, if what has been done or left undone should be regarded as reform, the cause itself would be vitally wounded or hopelessly retarded. Both these classes of critics, therefore, have felt it to be their duty to condemn mercilessly the Administration as false to its pledges and to the cause. But this criticism overlooks certain cardinal facts. The first is that there is by no means perfect agreement among the friends of reform as to the methods by which acknowledged evils are to be remedied. They differ, perhaps, also in their estimates of the relative importance of the abuses. There is a large class which holds that reform should contemplate only fixity of tenure during a fixed term, except for actual official offense or incapacity; another class holds to abolition of the fixed term, and to a wholly non-partisan basis of the subordinate service. One man thinks that partisans alone should be appointed, but only upon grounds of fitness; another that removal, under a sound system of appointment, should be discretionary. They all have in view the change of the present system of scramble and favoritism and intrigue and a mercenary control of politics, but they differ as to methods.

Now the President has expressed himself as opposed to four abuses especially: the dictatorial interference of Congress with the Executive responsibility and right of nomination; the interference of office-holders in politics; extortions of money for election expenses from members of the civil service; and arbitrary removals for reasons wholly unconnected with the public service. That much has been done for reform in every one of these directions, no candid man will deny; that the entire system of the civil service has not been reformed, we as frankly admit; and that some things have been done which are not easily explicable from the point of view of a thorough and perfect reform, and of disregard of all the accepted traditions of parties and politics, is undeniable. But it is obviously unfair, under the circumstances, to require of an Administration an ideal consistency upon such a subject. There is no doubt that Congressional dictation has been largely broken up, that there has been very much less official management of politics, that every clerk in the government service feels at liberty to decline to pay election assessments, and that every holder of an office is conscious that faithful official service gives him a security which has been long wanting. All this is certainly due to an Administration which is confessedly eminent for the spotless character and ability of its members, and this is a result which no friend of reform can contemplate without satisfaction. Of course it is only a sign of the progress of opinion. It is in great part the fidelity of the Administration upon this point which has earned for it the bitter and contemptuous hostility of the distinctive political or politician class, and of course nothing that this Administration has done, or that any Administration could do, would bind its successor. Reform of the civil service system, and the rescue of our politics from the debasing and corrupting influence of a vast patronage controlled, not by public, but by mere party and personal considerations, will be achieved only when the public opinion of a district requires of a candidate the soundest views upon the subject. For the friends of reform, therefore, the duty of the hour is agitation, a fair and reasonable presentation of the question, and a patient rejoinder to all adverse arguments. They are not to fold their hands and expect that somehow or other some Administration will happen to do all that is necessary.

THE INVESTIGATION.

THE sub-committee of the BLAINE investigating committee has gone to New Orleans, and it is announced that the President will lay before the committee all the official information that he has received from the Southern States in regard to the violation of the election laws. It is further announced that there are great difficulties thrown in the way of witnesses in Louisiana, and that the United States District Attorney for Louisiana is in personal danger from his activity in officially pursuing the violence and fraud. We have all learned, however, that Southern political news must be weighed carefully before it is accepted as precisely true. Yet, as we have constantly said, the Southern leaders will make a great mistake if they count upon fatigue with the "bloody shirt" to condone very serious offenses which are highly probable, and which in the general conviction of this part of the country are established. There is undoubtedly a more reasonable feeling in regard to Southern outrages than ever before. There is now, more than there has ever been, a conviction that the condition of society in many parts of the Southern States, under Republican ascendency, has been most discouraging, if not intolerable. There is also a rapidly increasing feeling that the remedies are not summary national legislation and martial force, but a greater trust in natural and moral laws and local action.

These are all most hopeful signs. They all indicate a return to normal politics. They all show that "the Southern question" is not unanswerable. But the situation must not be misunderstood. All this does not in the least imply any disposition whatever to acquiesce in the practical annihilation of the new vote in the Southern States, or in

the carrying of a Presidential election by violence and fraud. There is perfect willingness among all intelligent and patriotic men in this part of the country that the "bloody shirt" shall disappear, and that appeals to sectional jealousy and hatred shall be hushed. There is an earnest desire to reach, so soon as practicable, the best common understanding between fellow-citizens who have been so long and so bitterly estranged. But there is no disposition whatever to buy such an understanding by any winking at practices which, against the Constitution and the law, would work a monstrous wrong to a great class of voters and to the country.

It is therefore of the utmost importance to the people of the States in which such practices are so strongly charged to promote in every way the investigation which has been ordered and undertaken. As we have said, they are more concerned to promote a fair inquiry than any other class, and to secure the punishment of all proved offenders. If it should appear that the remedies in the United States courts are doubtful and uncertain, and that the only efficient action lies in a State initiative, it is equally plain that that initiative can not be evaded safely. If the evidence before the committee should be ample and conclusive, and if it should appear that there was no sentiment in the State, no patriotism, no resolution, equal to the task of sincere pursuit and punishment of crime, there would be no room for doubt that the purpose of those who are able to control Southern opinion and action is to carry the "solid South" at any cost for the purpose of obtaining the control of the government with the aid of two or three other States. Sectionalism in some forms is inevitable, but this would be sectionalism in its worst and most intolerable form, and there could be but one response to it among all patriotic men. Those who have counted upon the fact that there are no "prominent issues" would suddenly find themselves confronted by a very great and vital issue. If the Southern States are honestly, upon a fair vote of all the voters, Democratic, there can be no objection to their "solidity." But if they are solidly Democratic only by means of tissue ballots, of fraud and intimidation, there will be immense objection.

THE CANADIAN COURT.

THERE is a very general feeling among many English Liberals, founded upon Lord BEACONSFIELD's personal character and upon his known views, that his administration tends to a restoration of that personal government which is most repugnant to the English mind. Mr. GLADSTONE has alluded to it in his speeches, Mr. DUNCKLEY has written a striking article upon the subject for the *Nineteenth Century*, and Mr. KEBBEL, a well-known Tory, has written a good-humored reply. The publication of the third volume of the *Life of Prince Albert*, with its revelations of the political mentorship of the Baron STOCKMAR over the Prince Consort, has stimulated speculation, while the high-handed Jingo method of consulting Parliament only after action has been taken has awakened apprehension. This will be hardly allayed by the article of Mr. KEBBEL, which suggests that the democratization of the House of Commons and the rapid progress of the doctrine that the House is the government compel the consideration of some counteracting force, and the crown may thus become, in Conservative minds, the best barrier against Communism.

The *Spectator*, which is the ablest of the Liberal journals, says that this is really a revolutionary doctrine, because if it be found indispensable to have a truly powerful Executive, if the traditions of the monarchy are to be overthrown, and the king is to govern as well as reign, the country will demand a real king, and will not be satisfied with a dummy or mere figure-head. In other words, it would insist upon choosing a head, and here, practically, would be the republic. The speculation, however, is felt probably to be a speculation only, because few Englishmen believe that Lord BEACONSFIELD's system will survive him. He has undoubtedly thrown a glamour upon the country, and he is sustained by an unreasoning enthusiasm, which is evoked by him personally, and can not be transmitted. When he disappears from the scene, it is idle to suppose that Lord SALISBURY or Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE or any other Tory or Jingo chief can retain BEACONSFIELD's power or wield his spell.

Meanwhile one of the striking and characteristic phenomena of this policy is what a shrewd and thoughtful Englishman calls "the Jingo experiment of a court in Canada." It is perhaps only natural in citizens of the United States to wonder why the English in Canada prefer provincial dependence to national existence. Canada is not a colony for which England is likely to fight, and in his recently published little volume upon the political destiny of Canada Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH strongly and clearly sets forth the strength and the reasons of the various views of dependence and independence which are held in Canada. He is quite correct in supposing that there would be no feeling or movement in the United States to affect the perfect independence of Canadian action, and there will be here only an amused observation of the "experiment of a court." It is, of course, in accord with Lord BEACONSFIELD's policy of magnifying the imperial crown, to bestow, so to speak, a colonial crown upon the children of royalty. It shows also a sagacious intelligence of a feeling always strong in English colonies, and which makes them, in the familiar phrase, more English than England. But in Canada there seems to be some hitch at the shoulders of the loyal. There are signs of opposition to some details of etiquette, and as a court is but etiquette—"Your Majesty's self is but a ceremony"—such signs are ominous. Tact and care may overcome the beginnings of evil, but it may be found also that there is something in the English mind, especially upon American soil, which demands the real thing, and will be satisfied with no imitation. The court of a political Governor-General is one thing, but a semi-royal court is "neither one thing nor another."

HAND-BOOK OF NURSING.

ONE of the most valuable little books that have been lately published is a manual issued under the direction of the Connecticut training-school for nurses, and called a *Hand-Book of Nursing*, of which LIPPINCOTT is the publisher. It is evidently prepared by some one who has had long experience, and who has a natural vocation for nursing. And there is scarcely a question that a new and inexperienced nurse would ask which is not here intelligibly answered. Indeed, practically to have mastered this hand-book is to become, so far as directions can insure that result, a competent nurse. It is especially a book for the family, giving valuable hints to every one who undertakes the care of the sick, even where nothing but care and proper attention is required. The manual is anonymous, but President PORTER and ex-President WOOLSEY commend it as the work of ladies who are, as the book itself attests, thoroughly competent for the task.

PERSONAL.

How many things of this sort seem to be constantly occurring, yet attract only a momentary interest, notwithstanding the great public benefit they confer! Mr. HENRY THOMAS RICHARDSON, of Wales, who died recently in that country, and was, in conjunction with his father, the inventor of the tubular life-boat, has by his will bequeathed $50,000 at the death of his widow for the purchase and maintenance of life-boats at Pwllheli and Deal. He also gives $15,000 toward Rhosygwalian Church, Bala. A church in a place with such a name ought to have an investment of some kind to rely upon as a steady thing.

—Literary men are still coming to the front. Mr. E. L. PIERCE, of Boston, has been appointed Assistant Treasurer of the United States at that city, in place of FRANKLIN HAVEN, resigned. Mr. PIERCE was the intimate friend and biographer of CHARLES SUMNER.

—After the 4th of March next South Carolina will be represented in the Senate of the United States by two one-legged men, General BUTLER having lost a leg in the war.

—Mr. KINGLAKE proposes to bring out, during the present year, the sixth and last volume of the *History of the Crimean War*.

—The last advices from London are that the Prime Minister is looking well, hale, and vigorous for him, and he speaks with all his old fire, force, and finish. His sentences are all as perfect as print, and the epigrammatic style which marks his writings in the freshness and maturity of his powers distinguishes his speeches still. He walks slowly, and does not seem to be over-strong on his legs. His hair is thin, very thin, but the fire still burns in his eye.

—Mr. SMALLEY, the London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, has this to say of Mr. EUGENE SCHUYLER, the new United States consul at Birmingham: "Mr. SCHUYLER had taken possession of his office some two months ago. He now brings his wife from Paris to take possession of his house in Edgbaston, a suburb of Birmingham, in which from time to time a resident may get something besides soot and smoke and chemical exhalations to breathe. Mr. SCHUYLER, I should say, is much too accomplished a diplomatist to be turned into a provincial consul. But he is entitled to suit himself; and if we can't afford to pay living salaries to ministers and secretaries of legation, we must expect to see the best of them accept posts in which they can exist, and in which their experience and capacity are thrown away. Mr. SCHUYLER has, I suppose, an unrivalled knowledge of Russian and Turkish politics. He is a Russian scholar, speaks three or four other European languages, knows Asia, has written the best book on that central part of it just now most in dispute, and has withal a European reputation as a diplomatist. Hence we send him to a midland manufacturing town in England to certify invoices."

—WILLIAM MOODY, who died a few days ago in Cincinnati, Ohio, holds a remarkable place in the annals of that city. He was the first white male child born in the Miami Valley, and lived in Cincinnati nearly eighty-nine years. He was born March 17, 1790. After a long life of varied fortunes, during which he held several positions of trust and honor, he finally retired from active occupation, and shortly afterward—about six years ago—was made an invalid by paralysis, which terminated in his death. Mr. MOODY was well known to all the old pioneers of Cincinnati, and was intimate with the hero of Tippecanoe, remembered LAFAYETTE well, and was really coeval with the life of Cincinnati—personally acquainted with its history for almost a century.

—President CHADBOURNE, of Williams College, is a true variety man. In addition to his presidential and other duties, he is now temporarily in charge of a twine factory at Williamstown, during the absence of Mr. MARK HOPKINS, Jun.

—Truth is always fresher and stranger than fiction—*i. e.*, when you view it in the proper light. For example, the Earl of Bridgewater lived in Paris during the last century, when the following incidents occurred. He was a miserable-looking little man, unable to walk without the aid of two lackeys. He had an immense fortune, which he spent in gratifying every caprice. Was a book lent to him, it was representative of its owner, and returned in the earl's landau, occupying the place of honor, and attended by four footmen in costly livery, who handed it to the astonished owner. His carriage was frequently to be seen filled with dogs, his special pets. On the feet of those dogs he bestowed as much attention as though they were human beings. He ordered them boots, for which he paid dearly as for his own. Not caring to entertain his own kind at the table, few people dined with him. Still, covers were daily laid for a dozen, served by suitable attendants. At this table he received and dined with no less than twelve favorite dogs, which seemed to comprehend the compliment paid them, as they occupied their chairs with decorum, each with its white napkin tied round its neck. They were so trained that should any, by an instinct of appetite, transgress any rule of good manners, he was banished from the table, and degraded to an antechamber, where he picked his bone in mortification, his place remaining empty until he had earned his master's pardon.

—The late Earl of Dysart, alike well known for his wealth and eccentricities, but respected for neither, left personal property valued at $8,500,000, the largest ever left by an English peer, although it has been surpassed by many mercantile men. The Duke of Cleveland left $5,000,000; Lord WESTMINSTER, $4,000,000. The largest personalty left by a commoner was by Mr. BRASSEY, the contractor, $30,000,000, and next to him Mr. MORRISON (the A. T. STEWART of London), $20,000,000. For several years before his death Mr. MORRISON imagined himself to be on the verge of poverty. The sons of Mr. BRASSEY and Mr. MORRISON have done well, two of the former and one of the latter being in Parliament, and all are men of intelligence and taste.

—Principal TULLOCH, of the Church of Scotland, gave the lecture in Westminster Abbey on St. Andrew's Day. It is the practice of Dean STANLEY to invite ministers of different denominations to perform this service yearly. Some of these "ministers"—MAX MÜLLER, for example—don't profess to have that aggregate of vital piety which would be requisite in any species of Protestant minister on this side.

—Count POTOCKI, an enormously rich old patrician, who died recently in Paris, did not have money enough to enable him to have a good time. Besides, he hated the idea of having an heir, and so disinherited his son. But as death came to his bedside he changed his mind as well as his will, and the son comes into an income of $400,000 a year, besides a fabulous amount of personal property.

—The sixty-seventh anniversary of the establishment of the Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette*, which has for many years flourished under the able management of Mr. HENRY G. PARKER, was celebrated on Saturday, January 4. The *Gazette* is the oldest paper now published in Boston, and its popularity is well deserved.

—Of debaters in Congress General GARFIELD is by many regarded as the strongest. HOOKER, of Mississippi, is one of the most polished orators. S. S. COX and EUGENE HALE are the readiest orators; KELLEY, EWING, and CHITTENDEN are the financial orators; and BANKS and SAYLER are strong on Parliamentary law and "tic-tacs."

—"I am almost seventy-one," said Mrs. MYRA CLARK GAINES to a Washington correspondent the other day, "and I expect to live till I am a hundred and fifty. I come of a long-lived race. One of my aunts lived to a hundred and fifteen." And seeing the correspondent scrutinizing her hair, "It isn't dyed," she said, "and it is very abundant, falling below my waist."

—Mr. DAVID A. WELLS is about to retire from the presidency of the American Social Science Association. President GILMAN, of Johns Hopkins University, is mentioned as his successor.

—Mr. HARS, the American consul at Alexandria, Egypt, has just gone round the world in a rapid fashion, unequalled even by JULES VERNE. He accomplished the journey in sixty-eight days. It took him twenty days to go from Alexandria to San Francisco by Brindisi, Paris, Liverpool, and New York; twenty days also to go from San Francisco to Yokohama; six days after, he reached Hong-Kong; in ten days he set foot on shore at Ceylon; and twelve days later he found himself again in Egypt.

—Lord BEACONSFIELD's appearance in Parliament after the reception of the news of Princess ALICE's death is somewhat sarcastically described by a Manchester correspondent. He was perfectly made up in the deepest of mourning, which could not well have been deeper had the Princess ALICE been his own daughter instead of the Queen's. He had on, as far as one could judge, a new black hat, with the deepest of cloth. His scarf was black; his coat, vest, and trousers were of the sablest hue; and altogether a more funereal figure could hardly be imagined than he presented as he walked to his seat with bowed head and soft tread, as if he were in the chamber of death itself. This was very much overacted, and so, for that matter, was the speech in which he moved the address. He overdid the emotion. He presented in voice and manner the picture of a grief which in the nature of things it was impossible to feel.

—King LOUIS of Portugal is not only an excellent monarch, but he has gained distinction as a *littérateur*. An intense admirer of SHAKSPEARE, and regretting that the works of the great poet were not accessible to his subjects, he has set about translating his plays into Portuguese. A handsome edition of *Hamlet* was published some time since, and formed part of the Portuguese typographical exhibit at the recent Exposition in Paris, and now his Majesty's publishers announce that editions will soon appear of *Othello* and *The Merchant of Venice*, for which as great a success is predicted as his earlier works met with.

—MEISSONIER's great picture of "The Cuirassiers" has just been sold to a Belgian amateur in Brussels for 300,000 francs. The purchaser, who is one of the wealthiest and at the same time one of the most intelligent collectors in a land full of rich and well-chosen collections, does not wish his name to be made public at present, as the picture will not be sent to him for some time to come. MEISSONIER has taken it into his atelier for the purpose of retouching, and, in fact, repainting, the foreground.

—Lord DUFFERIN's ability as an executive officer was not more conspicuous during his Governor-Generalship than the constant good nature and unfailing tact that he every where exhibited in his intercourse with the people. Every body in the Dominion seemed to know him personally. Station-masters, policemen, country folk of every walk in life, relate with enthusiasm anecdotes of his frankness and cordiality. A devoted mother was asked what she thought of Lord DUFFERIN. She said she had only seen him twice. The first time she had with her one of her children, the delights of whose society she shared with Lord DUFFERIN for a brief ten minutes. Two years later the Governor-General, passing through Quebec, met her again, and his greeting was, "Well, Mrs. ——, how's LILIAN?" Thus with unending tact and genial grace did the agreeable Irishman win his remarkable popularity. A man who could remember over two years the weakness of a mother and the name of a child is just the man to succeed in the delicate task of governing.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE steamer *Emily B. Souder*, of the Clyde Line, foundered at sea during the great gale on the 10th ult., when two days out from New York, on her way to San Domingo. Nine passengers and twenty-five of the crew are supposed to have been lost. Two of the sailors, who are the only persons known to have been saved, carried the news to Kingston, Jamaica.

The sub-committee of the Senate Committee on Territories have agreed to recommend, 1st, the establishment of a United States court in the Indian Territory, to possess both civil and criminal jurisdiction; 2d, that all the Indians comprising the Five Nations shall be made citizens of the United States, amenable to the Federal laws, and competent to serve on juries in the United States courts; 3d, that the lands now held in common shall be divided and held in severalty, but inalienable for a limited term of years.

FOREIGN NEWS.

IT is reported from Lahore that Yakoob Khan, son of the Ameer of Afghanistan, has come into Jelalabad to submit to the British government, but the news lacks confirmation.—There is considerable contradiction in the reports about the whereabouts of Shere Ali. The impression prevails that the flight of the Ameer may be merely a retreat to prolong resistance in the neighborhood of Herat. A Calcutta dispatch says that he wrote to the Viceroy of India stating that he would return to Afghanistan after laying his case before a congress at St. Petersburg.—An Afghan soldier in the British service was hanged for trying to warn his countrymen of an advance on Peiwar Pass. Eighteen others were sentenced to terms of from seven to fourteen years' penal servitude for desertion.—The British advance on Candahar was begun on the 1st, by both the Khorasan and Khojak passes, a good road for heavy artillery having been completed over the former. It is said that there are only three or four weak Afghan regiments and a few hundred irregulars, destitute of artillery, at Candahar.—A strong force of mountaineers has stopped all traffic through the Khyber Pass, and cut the telegraph wires. Three companies of troops with two guns have been sent to clear the pass. At Hazar-pir four mountaineers were publicly hanged for murdering a camp-follower of the Kuram column, and two others were flogged for plundering.—The Viceroy of India reports that Major Cavagnari has received a friendly letter from Syad Mohammed, chief of the Kunar Valley, announcing his intention of coming in. The London *Times*, in its article on the military situation, says: "This may be heralded as the forerunner of intelligence already hinted at, that the districts of Chitral, Swat, and Kunar will be incorporated into the Indian Empire. By the occupation of this tract of country an easy and direct road will be opened up from the Punjab to Yarkand and Kashgar, presenting far fewer difficulties than that now followed by the Central Asian Trading Association, which traverses the high mountain ranges of Cashmere and Ladakh, crosses the terrible Karakorum Pass at an altitude of nearly 19,000 feet, and then crossing another range, over 10,000 feet in height, descends to Yarkand, which is barely 4000 feet above the sea-level."

The Græco-Turkish Frontier Commissioners will carry on their negotiations at Athens. The Grand Vizier states that he accepts the principle of the rectification of the frontier upon condition of Turkey retaining a strategical line, and the powers engaging to observe neutrality in the event of Greece raising any further claims or attempting invasion.

Thirty steamers have been chartered at Odessa to convey home a portion of the Russian army of occupation.

A further enormous depreciation of Turkish paper money has occurred. As a consequence, numbers of bakers' shops in Constantinople are closed.

It is reported from Ismid that a 38-ton gun burst during practice on the British man-of-war *Thunderer*. The vessel's turret was destroyed, and seven men were killed and forty wounded.

A dispatch from Yokohama says the steamer *Locushema Mara*, running between Osaka and Deva, was totally destroyed by the explosion of a quantity of gunpowder that was in her cargo on October 28, and eighty-three persons were drowned.

The Council of the Russian Empire has approved the new rates of taxation proposed by the Minister of Finance affecting stamps, liquors, and cotton other than Asiatic.

General Hidalgo, one of the leaders of the revolution of 1868, and a prominent person at the time of the abdication of King Amadeus, has been ordered to leave Madrid within twenty-four hours.

The Russian government is employing vigorous repressive measures against the students. The Veterinary Institute at Kharkov, where the agitation originated, will be removed outside the town. The Technical Institute at Tschugujeff will be closed altogether. The Medical Academy will issue instructions forbidding the deliberations of students without permission from the academical authorities. Eighty persons were killed and wounded in the riot at Kieff.

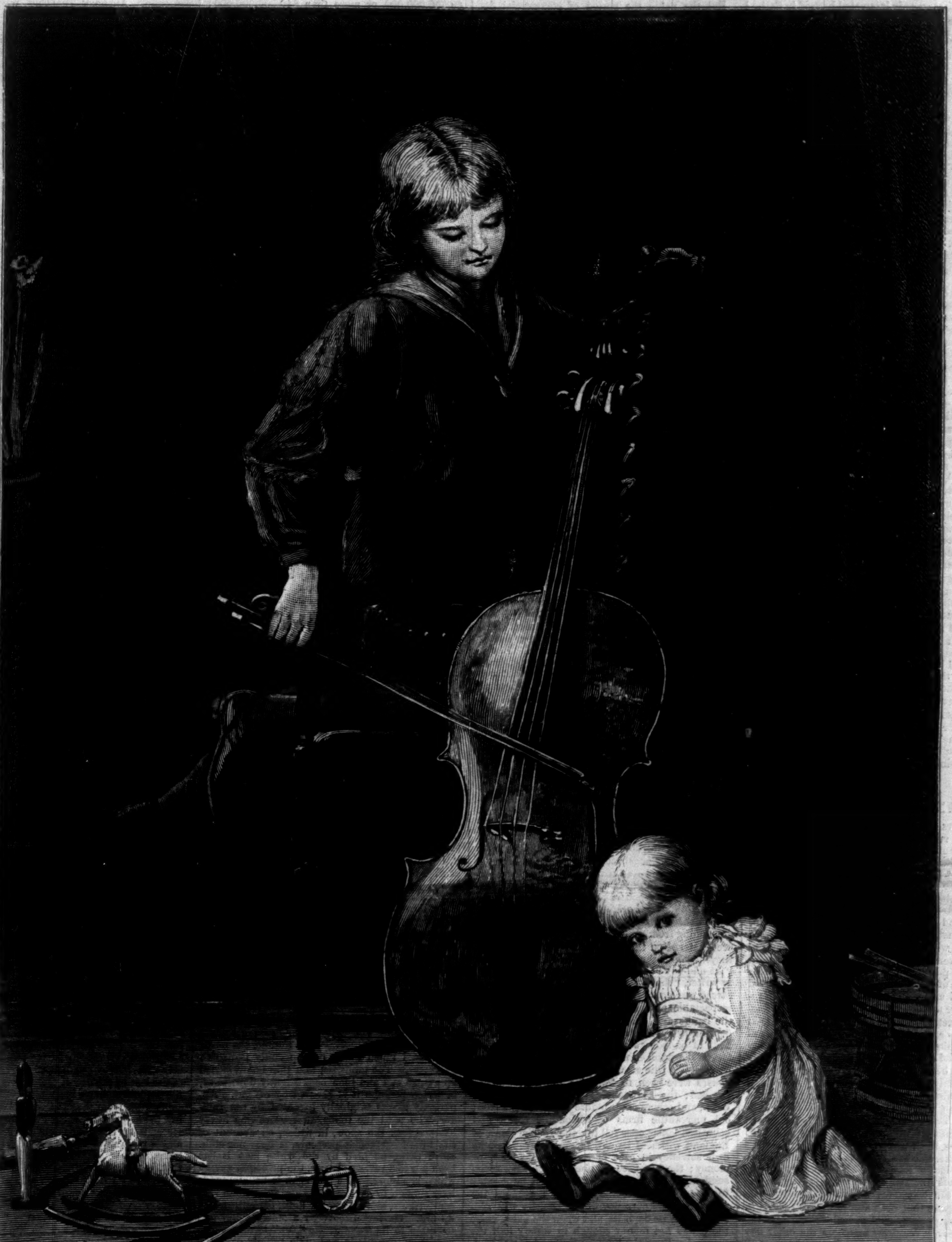
The Spanish Supreme Court of Justice has condemned to death Juan Moncasi, who attempted to assassinate King Alfonso in October last. The King reluctantly signed the death-warrant.

A telegram from Ceará, in North Brazil, reports that the deaths in the capital of that province from small-pox numbered 600 daily. The distress in the interior of the province is appalling. The people are devouring carrion and corpses.

Two great fires occurred abroad during the week, one on Christmas, in Hong-Kong, raging all day, and doing great damage; the other in Egypt, at the Abdin Palace, the winter residence of the Khedive, destroying half the building.

H. R. H. ALICE MAUD MARY, GRAND DUCHESS OF HESSE-DARMSTADT (PRINCESS ALICE OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND).

BORN AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE, APRIL 25, 1843; MARRIED AT OSBORNE HOUSE, JULY 1, 1862; DIED AT HESSE-DARMSTADT, DECEMBER 14, 1878.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



IN FOR A SCRAPE.

THE LATE PRINCESS ALICE.

H.R.H. PRINCESS ALICE MAUD MARY, second daughter of Queen VICTORIA, was born April 25, 1843. On July 1, 1862, she was married at Osborne House to H.R.H. LOUIS IV., Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, who succeeded his father June 13, 1877. They have had a family of five daughters and two sons, namely, Princess VICTORIA ALBERTA (we omit the succeeding Christian names), born 1863; Princess ELIZABETH, born 1864; Princess IRENE, born 1866; Prince ERNEST, born 1868; Prince FREDERICK, born 1870; Princess VICTORIA ALICE, born 1872; Princess MARIE, born 1874. Of these children five are still surviving. Prince FREDERICK died June 29, 1873, in consequence of a fall from a window only a minute after his mother had been playing with him; Princess MARIE died on November 16, 1878, from an attack of diphtheria, which disease afterward proved fatal to her mother.

In the *Life of the Prince Consort* her Majesty thus refers to the birth of the late Princess: "Our little baby is to be called ALICE, an old English name, and the other names are to be MAUD (another old English name, and the same as MATILDA), and MARY, as she was born on Aunt GLOUCESTER's birthday." With regard to the christening, her Majesty writes thus: "It went off very brilliantly, and ALICE behaved extremely well." In the autumn of 1861 it was officially announced that the Princess ALICE had been betrothed to Prince LOUIS of Hesse-Darmstadt. That year was a sad one for the royal family. In March the Duchess of Kent, the Queen's mother, died at Frogmore, while early in December it became known that the Prince Consort was seriously ill. During this period the Princess ALICE tended her father with the most unremitting devotion. From the moment that the illness assumed a threatening aspect she scarcely ever quitted his bedside, and in the result her own health was greatly impaired. On the 14th December the Prince died, and then, in the beginning of her widowhood, the Queen found a most loving comforter in her daughter ALICE, and was thus enabled to bear her terrible bereavement with a composure and a resignation which few or none could have anticipated.

The wedding of the following year was celebrated in a very quiet and unostentatious manner, in consequence of the deep affliction in which the royal family had been plunged. Once again the Princess ALICE showed her keen sense of sympathy—a sympathy showing itself in deeds as well as in words—when in the winter of 1871 she left her German home and went to Sandringham to tend her eldest brother, the Prince of Wales, who was then lying apparently hopelessly ill of typhoid fever. But her sympathies were not confined to her own family. The German people will not easily forget her unostentatious but ever active benevolence, and, above all, the services which she rendered to the sick and wounded during the Franco-German war. She was most anxious, too, to help the poor and suffering in her adopted state, and to help them in such a manner as to mitigate the evils of pauperism. With this object in view, during her visits to London the Princess practically studied the working of the Charity Organization Committee, and also went to meetings of the poor people, after having carefully arranged that her rank should be concealed. In testimony to the breadth of her charity we will only quote one witness, that of the ultramontane *Univers:* "Although a Protestant, the

Grand Duchess warmly interested herself in Catholic charities, and showed many marks of kindness to the religious communities of Hesse. The churches of the Catholic parishes were therefore full of the faithful asking God to preserve their sovereign. The mourning of her subjects will be sincere, for the Queen of England's second daughter has left only good memories in her new country."

The end was near at hand, although the Princess was only in her thirty-sixth year. Together with her husband and children, she spent some weeks of the early autumn in England, chiefly at Eastbourne. On the 3d September occurred the appalling disaster on the Thames to the steamboat named after herself, and it was then, as many will remember, that the Princess sent a sympathetic message to the London Steamboat Company, expressing a fervent hope that the loss of life was not so great as had been reported.

Soon after returning to Darmstadt the terrible plague of diphtheria appeared in the Grand Ducal household. On the 6th November the Princess Victoria Alberta, then in her sixteenth year, was attacked. Five days later her little sister, the Princess Alice, was prostrated, as were, in rapid succession, the Princess Marie, aged four, the Princess Irene, aged twelve, the Hereditary Grand Duke, aged ten, and the Grand Duke himself. All recovered except the Princess Marie, whose case from the beginning had been exceedingly severe. But now it came to pass that the loving and tender mother, who had nursed her children and her husband with the most untiring devotion, was destined in her turn to succumb to the malarious influence. The public, already keenly sympathizing with the sorrows of the Princess, was deeply shocked to hear that she herself was seriously ill, and that Sir William Jenner had been dispatched to Darmstadt. In spite of the dangerous nature of the disease, much hopefulness was felt up to midnight on Friday, the 13th ult., as it was reported that the Princess had rallied after some sleep, and had taken a good deal of nourishment. The news of the following day, therefore, was the more distressing, because it dashed sanguine expectations. A change for the worse set in during the early hours of Saturday morning; the Princess became unconscious, and gradually sank until her death, which took place at half past seven in the morning.

The 14th December will henceforth be more than ever regarded as a day to be much observed in the royal household of England. Seven years before, on that day, the apparently fatal illness of the Prince of Wales underwent a favorable change. Seventeen years before, on that day, the Prince Consort exchanged the burden of a suffering body for the joyous freedom of the immortal life. In each case there was an unwearied watcher at the sufferer's bedside, and now that watcher has rejoined her father and her two departed little ones.

PANICS IN ENGLAND.

Two years ago the working-men of the United States had reached the height of their suffering from the panic of 1873; food was dear, prices had not yet fallen, the cost of living was excessive, the demand for labor had nearly ceased. Want spread over all our vast fertile territory; even the industrious suffered and perished in the commercial distress produced by a fluctuating currency, a period of speculation, political agitation, fear, distrust, hopelessness. In 1876 we were threatened with a discontented people, violent political movements, riots, rage; even the tramp became a political power, the wildest agitators the agents of a discontented party. That period has passed away, and peace and plenty have returned once more. While we were suffering, England still retained its prosperity, its commercial activity, its appearance of general ease. Its pauperism diminished, its revenue grew, its working-men enjoyed a comparative freedom from the ills that had befallen Germany, France, America. But suddenly all this has changed. A panic, a period of distress, has fallen upon England more severe than any thing it has known for half a century. Trade has almost stopped, factories are closed, mines are valueless, great firms and institutions are bankrupt; but the saddest trait of this unlooked-for revolution is the intense suffering of the industrious poor. The account of their misery reads like some impossible fable. In the midst of the enormous wealth of England one would suppose that such scenes as are related in the English papers could never occur. Says the *Daily News*: "We drew attention the other day to the distress which has seized our manufacturing districts, and to the horrible details with which the columns of the local newspapers are filled. There has been no such time of suffering since the cotton famine. The numbers on the books of the various agencies for relief, startling as they appear, are hitherto short of what they were at that time; but already stages of destitution have been reached for which it is difficult to find a parallel." It gives instances—one of a woman who in her despair stole cat's-meat from a butcher's shop, and was found soon after with her family devouring it raw. She was well dressed, it is said. Honest men thrown out of work, who have never begged, have sold all their furniture, even the vessels in which they cooked their food, the very grate, before they would ask for aid. The sufferers are numbered by hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions. The winter opens on them black with despair. Meantime the ruling party are wasting great sums on shameful wars, in military display; propose no measure of relief for their suffering countrymen; ask for a public grant of money to the famishing Turks at Rhodope. There is no American whose heart does not bleed for the suffering multitudes of Sheffield, Leeds, or Glasgow, who would not rejoice to pour the rich abundance of Kansas or Minnesota into the famished mouths of England's industrious poor.

But the panic, the period of commercial depression, is something with which England has long been familiar. The wealthiest of nations, it seems the victim of a regular recurrence of these disasters. So regularly do they come that an intelligent professor in a recent lecture endeavored to connect them with the sun spots. There was one in 1825–26, one in 1837–39, one in 1847, 1861, 1867, 1878. It is not necessary to go so far to find their causes as Professor Roscoe; they have usually been the results of events altogether mundane and plain to every eye. The panic of 1847 is described by Morier Evans. It came in the midst of a scene of general prosperity; speculation raged in all ranks of life; it was the period of the railway madness, when all England was covered by a net-work of real or imaginary lines of travel and traffic, that were sometimes paid for but never built, and oftener built and never paid for. Hudson, the railway autocrat, held in his hand the capital of England; noblemen, women of rank and title, clergymen, merchants, laborers, rushed with eagerness to invest their money in wild speculation; $3,000,000,000 was invested, it was estimated, in railways; every kind of mad venture grew popular; the wild revelry rose to an extraordinary pitch. But it fell almost in a moment. The railway projects failed, and ruined rich and poor; the famine in Ireland came to add to the general suffering; a bad harvest in England, food riots in Scotland, completed the destruction of public confidence. Then came failures of great houses so unlooked for as to seem incredible; the governor of the Bank of England failed; the bank trembled; 176 "leading firms," says Morier Evans, "were prostrated in three months." Mr. Disraeli, then in the fire of early ambition, described the national calamity in Oriental imagery. "The uprootings of commercial dynasties in England," he said, "were not less striking than the fall of those political houses of which we have lately heard so much." In 1848–49 kings and bill-brokers, emperors and railway autocrats, had fallen together; their disasters may be described, lamented over, but the calamities of the industrious poor in that season of depression are written only in the books of eternal justice.

The next severe panic in England, for we may pass over the memorable season of 1861–63, was that of 1867, one of the most peculiar, most startling, of all. It came without notice, it passed away swiftly, like some furious storm. But it left behind traces of desolation, broken fortunes, ruined reputations, a commercial terror that was almost unknown before. In 1866 English trade was prosperous, the country rich, the people employed profitably; mines, manufactures, commerce, flourishing; there seemed no omen of danger in the future. When suddenly a great institution—a discount company—failed; a strange terror arose, increased, it was said, by the malevolence of speculators; and next the famous house of Overend, Gurney, & Co., one of the oldest in the city, was known to be in difficulty. It had applied to the Bank of England for aid, and was refused. Its deposits had amounted to $60,000,000; its depositors claimed their money. The great house closed its doors, and was found to have wasted in mad speculation the resources of its customers. Its end was covered with fraud, wastefulness, improvidence; it brought with it a general disaster. Another bank soon failed, a fierce excitement arose in London, an immense crowd filled Lombard Street, and all the neighborhood demanding from the different banking houses that are clustered on those scenes of traffic the money they had lent them in their hour of confidence. "At mid-day" (12th of May), says a contemporary writer, "the panic was at its height. Lombard Street was actually blocked up by the crowds of respectable persons who thronged the doors of the banks and other establishments." "While depositors rushed to withdraw their money, a body of on-lookers gathered before each bank or financial establishment, expecting to see it close its doors." One after another the great banking houses were seen to fail; the Bank of London stopped; the European Bank, the Consolidated Bank, and others sank before the general terror; old mercantile firms of undoubted credit and countless lesser ones fell together. The Bank of England withheld its aid, fearful, perhaps, of its own solvency in case of a general demand for money; the immense number of depositors who suddenly called for payment made it impossible for the banks to satisfy them; ten times the amount of the currency of the country was represented by its deposits, and when the panic came there was not money enough to satisfy half the demand. Even the Bank of England, it was said, must have stopped had its depositors pressed for payment. Had the panic continued another day, every bank must have closed its doors. But it passed away, the great body of depositors recovered their confidence, the crowd on Lombard Street disappeared; and it was a fortunate trait of this peculiar financial terror that it affected only slightly the industrial classes, that the factories remained open, the mines productive, and that soon a new period of prosperity dawned upon the busy people.

None of these commercial disasters seem to approach the present in severity or in probable duration. It is a decay in the resources of England, a decline in values that affects every interest of the nation. The rents of farms, it is said, have sunk one-third; the farmer complains that he can no longer compete at a high rent with the wheat-growers of Russia and America; the manufacturer closes his factory or reduces the wages; the iron trade of England seems almost dead. There is a general depreciation of property, land, even food, that will probably never be repaired. A recent English writer, when war with Russia was imminent, described with much enthusiasm the enormous wealth of his country, the amount it could waste in a mad and useless contest. The whole wealth of England was estimated at £8,500,000,000, or more than $40,000,000,000; in 1815 it had been only about $10,000,000,000. The income assessments since 1815 had increased fourfold; the "potential taxation," said Mr. Farrer, secretary of the Board of Trade, "might be indefinitely raised, except perhaps the tax on spirits and tobacco." A billion of dollars could easily be spared, he thought, to inflict upon Russia and the Russians all the penalties due to ambition and overbearing greed. Mr. Shaw Lefevre has recently repeated the flattering record. But a later writer, in less fanciful language, throws a shade of doubt on the brilliant picture. Already a few brief months of panic have diminished the fancied wealth; the vast hoard has been lessened by at least one-eighth, if not one-sixth. The bankruptcy of nations has cost England a billion; the shrinkage in the value of real property is great, and land is estimated to have lost one-fourth or one-sixth its value five years ago. The earnings of the working classes have diminished, it is asserted, "one hundred millions" annually. The value of "British industries" from five to seven hundred millions. The capital of the country is slowly wasting away, and amidst a starving people and fading resources England is once more plunged in the perils of war.

Between the two pictures there is no doubt a happy mean. England will recover itself; and every American farmer and trader is personally interested in the welfare of the industrious, untiring population that from London to Glasgow offers the best market for American productions. The prosperity of the English working classes means wealth to the farmer of Georgia and Wisconsin, of Texas and California. They consume the greater part of the wheat, food, cotton, we export; but for their industry and thrift the farms of Minnesota might long have remained idle, and the cotton fields of Georgia a useless waste. Every year nations are becoming more necessary to each other, more useful. England and America are indissolubly connected; the English working classes are our best customers, England our most natural market. Europe has already begun to lean upon America for its necessaries of life; the people of all lands are already beginning to discover their mutual dependence. It is a slow process, but it will prove a sure one. Nature decrees that wars must cease at last. The time must come when even Russia and England shall discover that it is better to aid than to destroy each other. Panics, too, have their lesson: it is the old one of Joseph—to save in years of plenty for the pinching times to come.

Eugene Lawrence.

WINTER IN QUEBEC.

To thoroughly enjoy winter sports it is necessary to be born in a Northern latitude. No Southerner, accustomed to balmy airs, and a flimsy pretense at winter during a few months of the year, can realize the pleasure derived by the Canadians from the amusements dependent upon snow and ice. To them the presence of the former in their cities is by no means the source of discomfort and annoyance that we find it, but a means of facilitating travel and an incentive to all sorts of enjoyable schemes. The winter season in Quebec is recognized by the inhabitants as a natural holiday-time, the summer being devoted to business and important affairs. Sleighing parties are arranged to visit various points outside the city, and a general interchange of visits is made by those who at other times are employed in enterprises of pith and moment. Skaters of all ages and sexes disport themselves on the various ponds, and young people enter with enthusiasm into that most precarious of winter pleasures, tobogganing.

This latter sport, although a source of great delight to those who enjoy spinning rapidly along a decline of snow, careless of a tumble, has never penetrated much south of the chilly Canadian provinces. The toboggan is a thin board curled up at one end and then bent slightly downward, in which position it is secured by cat-gut. Apparently it was originally invented by the Indians, who used the toboggan for drawing heavy loads across the snow, in which, on account of the broad surface it presents, it does not sink. Since being adopted by the white man it has been put to a variety of uses, the principal among which is sliding. The toboggan is usually made long enough to hold one lady and gentleman very comfortably, and being very light, is easily drawn up hill. Having discovered a suitable hill and mounted to its summit, the "fun" is to get into it with a young lady and glide rapidly over the white slope to the bottom. The journey is certainly somewhat exciting, as the toboggan requires careful manipulation when travelling at the rate of an express train, and if unskillfully steered is apt to resent the awkwardness of the occupants by turning, twisting, and pitching them indiscriminately head over heels into the snow.

But whether the traveller designs to take an active part in the recreations of the inhabitants of Quebec or not, the height of the winter is by all means the pleasantest time to visit the Canadian city. Picturesque as it may be at all seasons, a large portion of it is sufficiently dilapidated to gain much in appearance through the snow king's decorative art. Strange as it may seem, also, the thoroughfares are then in a much better condition than at any other time of year. The Canadians have been said to be "cursed with the virtue of content," and however paradoxical this statement may appear at the first glance, a short experience of the indifference with which they regard the increasing dilapidation of their city confirms its truth. The paving of their streets is not a matter to which they seem disposed to pay the slightest attention, and a good freeze followed by a fall of snow, which in their climate remains long enough to become thoroughly packed down, adds much to the pleasures of locomotion. Anthony Trollope, who in his volume on *North America* devotes short space to British possessions in this part of the world, rouses himself to special indignation over the streets of Quebec:

"I feel bound to say that a stranger, regarding Quebec merely as a town, finds much of which he can complain. The foot-paths through the streets are almost entirely of wood, as seems to be general throughout Canada. Wood is, of course, the cheapest material, and although it may not be altogether good for such a purpose, would not create animadversion if it were kept in tolerable order. But in Quebec the paths are intolerably bad. They are full of holes. The boards are rotten and worn in some places to dirt. The nails are gone, and the broken planks go up and down under the feet, and in the dark they are absolutely dangerous. But if the paths are bad, the roadways are worse. The street through the Lower Town, along the quays, is, I think, the most disgraceful thoroughfare I ever saw in any town. I believe the whole of it, or at any rate a great portion, has been paved with wood; but the boards have been worked into mud, and the ground under the boards has been worked into holes, until the street is more like the bottom of a filthy ditch than a roadway through one of the most thickly populated parts of the city. Had Quebec in Wolfe's time been as it is now, Wolfe would have stuck in the mud between the river and the rock before he reached the point to which he wished to climb. In the Upper Town the roads are not so bad as they are below, but still they are very bad."

All such defects as these disappear under the magic mantle which covers Quebec in the winter season, and the traveller in exploring the town may be certain of a hard, smooth pathway under his feet, unless he is unfortunate enough to start out during a thaw—an event, however, of very infrequent occurrence. To see Quebec even in the most thorough manner is not an operation that requires any great length of time, for the architectural monuments are few, and even the points of historical interest are soon exhausted. Among the first, the Anglican and the Roman Catholic cathedrals are the most important. The Anglican cathedral is not an imposing building either in dimensions or decoration, but chiefly interesting from the relics it contains. Within the communion rails are two marble monuments, one to Dr. Mountain, the first Episcopal Bishop of Canada and Quebec, and the other to the Hon. and Rt. Rev. Dr. Stewart, who succeeded him. Beneath the altar are buried the remains of the Duke of Richmond, who died of hydrophobia, caused by the bite of a tame fox with which he was in the habit of amusing himself. The duke was Governor-General of Canada at the time of his death. The Roman Catholic cathedral, called the "Church of the Immaculate Conception," is the largest and, internally, the most magnificent of all the churches in the city. It is situated close to the Upper Town Market, at the head of Fabrique Street. It is divided into a nave and two aisles, the ceilings of the aisles being lower than that of the nave. At the upper end is the grand altar, and in the side aisles are chapels dedicated to different saints. This church was set on fire by shells from the batteries at Point Levi during the siege of Quebec in 1759, and all its ornaments and paintings were consumed, except the altarpiece portraying the Conception. This, however, was so injured as to require the hand of the artist to restore it to its former condition.

From the steps of the Catholic cathedral the view stretches along Fabrique Street, and we have the scene depicted in our illustration on page 48. Beyond, in the distance, lies the Laurentian range, guarding the river from which it takes its name. On the left of the picture is seen the great pile of buildings which were partly erected in 1646 for the Jesuits' College. The institution was suspended in 1759, and ten years later the property reverted to the British crown on the death of the last of the Jesuit fathers. Since that time the buildings have been used for barracks. A short walk from the cathedral will bring the visitor to the public gardens on Des Carrières Street. Here stands the famous obelisk erected to Wolfe and Montcalm in 1827 by Lord Dalhousie. The monument, which rises to the height of sixty-five feet, is said to be strictly classical in its proportions, and on the northern side of the sarcophagus, and looking toward the country, is written "Montcalm," while on the other side, and looking toward the river, is "Wolfe." There is also an inscription in Latin upon the sides. The admiration accorded these two heroes, victor and vanquished, grows with time. In his recent address delivered before the Birmingham and Midland Institute, Dean Stanley, in speaking of what he calls the "second epoch of American history," says: "Or again, look more northward still, to the wonderful enterprise in which the most captivating of English soldiers, the little sickly red-haired hero, General Wolfe, by a miracle of audacity climbed the Heights of Abraham, and won the imperial fortress of Quebec in the singular victory in which almost at the same hour expired himself and his no less chivalrous adversary the French Montcalm. The Englishmen and the Americans of to-day, as they look from the terrace of the citadel of Quebec over the mighty waters of the St. Lawrence, may alike feel their patriotism kindled by the recollection of that time; and not the less because, as I have said, it is wrapped in a halo of romance which belongs rather to the thirteenth century than to that in which it actually occurred."

Outside the city of Quebec there are many points of interest, the most attractive being the famous Plains of Abraham, the story of which is familiar to every student of American history; the citadel, a massive defense, which, together with the buildings connected with it, covers forty acres of ground; and the beautiful water-fall of Mont-

morency. These falls are on the north of the basin of the St. Lawrence. It is an acknowledged fact that when this stream is full, and swollen by the waters from the winter's snow, it is the most magnificent sight in the Province of Quebec.

The river is contracted at a considerable distance above the falls, and the water rushes madly past between high and vertical rocks with great velocity. Near these rocks are the celebrated "Natural Steps," no doubt formed by the abrasion of the stream. The Falls of Montmorency are higher than those of Niagara, being more than 250 feet; but they are not so broad, being only about 60 feet in width. The rapid shoot of the waters at the summit, the long and seemingly reckless leap as they are torn and dashed into the finest particles of spray and foam at the base, the noise of the fall, and the great height, combine to impress the mind with awe and wonder.

The Falls of Montmorency are visited in winter by parties enthusiastic over the sport of tobogganing. Near the main fall is a favorite place for sliding. Here the spray congeals as it falls; layer after layer is formed in an incredibly short space of time, till a beautiful and glistening cone is raised. But at this place sleds, coasters, or clippers are preferable to the toboggan, as they are less liable to make what in sailors' language is termed "leeway." The sons of the farmers in the vicinity provide these coasters, and also act as guides, for a trifling remuneration.

"'TIS AN ILL WIND," ETC.

OH, the leaves are fluttering down,
Some are scarlet, some are brown,
Some are golden, like the crown
On the little upheld head
Of my darling, dainty girl,
Too nice for a tangled curl.
Ah, how closely she doth furl
Those silk banners, well bestead!
Fast to bind is fast to find;
She the yellow strands doth wind
In a shining crown behind,
While she sighs for summer dead.

Faster, faster, fall the leaves,
Like the tears of one who grieves;
Carried are the summer's sheaves.
Ah, the wind's a robber bold!
When he stretches his strong hands
Out unto the shivering lands
Absolute are his demands,
And he gets the woodland's gold.
Autumn, frightened from her play,
Finds him swift to soil and slay;
In a night and in a day
He hath made her gray and old!

At her heart he striketh straight;
Hard and bitter is his hate.
Not a little will he wait;
And she withers in his clasp.
All is ready for the snow.
Now, you Goth, you Vandal, go!
From her dead neck take your grasp.
All the dismal things are yours—
Blossoms stricken to their cores,
Blighted fields and leafless shores—
All discordances that rasp.

Only one thing have you done
That from me a smile has won—
I can see it in the sun,
The dear house where lives my love!
You have swept away the screen
Made of summer's leafage green;
Even her window can be seen—
I could see her drop her glove!
Though November's wind is rude,
'Tis an ill wind blows no good;
I the truth, in thankful mood,
Of the quaint old adage prove!

CALEB CUSHING.

AFTER a long, eventful, and successful life of nearly seventy-nine years, the Hon. CALEB CUSHING died at Newburyport, Massachusetts, on the 2d of this month. Up to July last he had been in the enjoyment of health and strength unusual in persons of his advanced age, when he was prostrated by a severe attack of erysipelas, from which he did not rally well. About two weeks before his death he began to fail rapidly, although he was not confined to his bed more than a day or two previous to his decease.

Mr. CUSHING was born in Salisbury, Massachusetts, on the 17th of January, 1800. He graduated at Harvard, studied law, and was admitted to the bar, commencing practice at Newburyport. His political career began in 1825, when he was elected a Representative from Newburyport in the Lower House of the Massachusetts Legislature, and supported the then Republican party. In 1829 he visited Europe on a tour of pleasure, and on his return, two years later, wrote a book on Spain, and one on the French revolution of 1830. In 1833 he re-entered the Massachusetts Legislature, and in 1835 was elected from the Essex North district of Massachusetts to Congress, where he served four consecutive terms, acting with the Whig party until President TYLER came into power, when he sided with the Administration, and henceforth supported the Democratic party. Failing to be confirmed in 1843 as Secretary of the Treasury, for which office he had been nominated by President TYLER, he was sent as Commissioner to China, where he negotiated our first treaty with that empire. Mr. CUSHING warmly defended the Mexican war, and failing to induce the Massachusetts Legislature to aid in equipping a volunteer regiment, he furnished the requisite sum himself, became Colonel, and proceeded to the seat of war, where he was promptly made Brigadier-General. In 1847, while still in Mexico, he was nominated for Governor of Massachusetts, but was defeated.

In 1850 Mr. CUSHING represented Newburyport for the sixth time in the Legislature of his native State, and was active in opposing the election of Mr. SUMNER as United States Senator, and the coalition between the Free-soil and Democratic parties. After being two years Mayor of Newburyport, and one year Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, he was appointed United States Attorney-General by President PIERCE in 1853, and held that position four years, dealing with questions of great gravity and complexity. He served again in the Massachusetts Legislature in 1857, 1858, and 1859.

Mr. CUSHING presided over the Democratic Convention held in Charleston in 1860 for the nomination of a Presidential ticket, and during the eventful war period which soon succeeded held aloof from public affairs, but was known to be in sympathy with the Union cause, and on one or two occasions was intrusted with legal business by the Administration. In 1866 President JOHNSON, with whose policy the veteran politician was more or less in accord, appointed him Commissioner to codify the laws of Congress. During the Administration of President GRANT he was appointed counsel of the United States before the High Tribunal of Arbitration of Geneva, and acquired great fame by the able manner in which he conducted his cause to a successful issue. On his return he published a history of that tribunal, which was favorably received. In 1873 Mr. CUSHING was appointed successor to General SICKLES as United States minister at Madrid, for which position his wise counsel in the management of the *Virginius* case had shown him to be eminently fitted. His departure was delayed by his nomination to the high position of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, until the withdrawal of his name by the President when it became evident that the Senate would refuse to confirm the nomination. After his return from Madrid, on the appointment of Mr. LOWELL, Mr. CUSHING held no public office. Besides his public duties, Mr. CUSHING long enjoyed extensive practice as a lawyer, holding briefs in the most important cases coming before the Supreme Court of the United States. His counsel was sought frequently on grave international questions, and he enjoyed the reputation of being one of the best-informed men in the country on the political history of the United States, as well as their relations with foreign nations. A portrait of Mr. CUSHING will be found on page 53.

THE "SAN PEDRO ALCANTARA."

OF all the disasters in the Spanish Main, from the discovery of the New World to the present time, none equalled in horrors the burning of the Spanish frigate *San Pedro Alcantara* in 1815. This magnificent man-of-war was in that year sent as a convoy to provision-laden vessels designed to supply the fleet in the Caribbean Sea. Thirteen hundred men were on board, and the treasure chests contained $3,000,000 in silver. When the *San Pedro Alcantara* arrived at Laguayra, Venezuela, a revolution was found to be in progress, and Spanish citizens and churches of the country caused their treasures of gold and silver and jewels to be transferred for safety to the frigate. Several Venezuelan towns were also plundered and destroyed, their wealth being carried on board the vessel. The soldiers and sailors were so exultant at their successes that they indulged in a drunken revel, during which the frigate caught fire. The half-crazed men could do nothing, and when the flames reached the powder-magazine a terrible explosion sent the *San Pedro Alcantara*, with men and treasures widely scattered, beneath the waves—a scene which our artist has endeavored to realize in the strong imaginative picture to be found on page 48.

Several attempts have been made at various times to recover the immense treasure with which the frigate was laden, but with comparatively poor success. About a year ago an expedition was fitted out by Captain FOLINGSBY, an experienced diver, to make another attempt to bring the sunk millions to light. His authority to make the search was derived from the Venezuelan government, and he was to be allowed to continue the work for six years if necessary, paying Venezuela a percentage on all sums recovered. Such ventures have rarely met with much success.

THREE YOUNG HEROES.

ABOUT six months ago three New York lads, WILLIAM O'NEIL (known as "Nan the Newsboy"), GILBERT LONG, and EDWARD KELLY, whose imagination had been excited by reading accounts of the many lives lost by falling or jumping off the docks into the rivers that wash the shores of Manhattan Island, resolved to start a volunteer life-saving corps. Without any flourish of trumpets, they quietly set to work in a practical, business-like way. They fitted themselves out with the necessary appliances—rude, perhaps, but quite effective—without assistance and without the stimulus of publicity or encouragement. There was no announcement of the organization in the newspapers, and weeks elapsed before any record of their achievements appeared in print. Yet since last June they have saved twenty-five people from drowning, often at the risk of their own lives, and until recently without public recognition of their services. They go on duty at seven o'clock in the evening, when they quit work, and patrol the docks till half past ten or eleven, marching from Grand Street on the East River to Pier 28 on the North River, taking in seventy-one piers in all.

Our sketch on page 53 shows these brave lads in their patrol costume, as they appear when making their nightly rounds. NAN, on the right of the group, is a tall, open-faced, broad-shouldered youth, close on twenty, with light eyes, agile-looking, but loosely built. LONG, the central figure, is about the same age and height, but thicker set, has dark hair and eyes, and is also frank-looking and open-faced. KELLY is eighteen years old, slim built, and a good deal shorter. He has a long and thin face, a good forehead, regular features, thin lips, and small deep-set brown eyes. He looks pale beside the others, and one would almost think him delicate, but, says Nan, "he will go overboard like any of us." Like the brave Scotchman whom CHARLES READE immortalized in his stirring narrative entitled *A Hero and a Martyr*, they have experienced their full share of the ingratitude of those they rescue from death. "We ain't got no rewards from any body we saved," said Nan, a few weeks ago. "Gen'lly they're gone afore we can more'n look round." In some cases rescued persons have roundly abused their saviors for not handling them more tenderly.

These young heroes perform their brave and humane service without pay. The Humane Society has given Nan a medal, but, it is said, has declined to aid the boys with money or furnish them with proper appliances for their noble work. Captain BOYTON has, however, interested himself in them, and taken steps to have their deficiencies in this respect supplied. He gave them a pleasant dinner recently at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and promised to give them assistance as well as instruction in the methods of resuscitating the apparently drowned. In the course of the dinner he said: "These boys have demonstrated that there is a great field for humane endeavor along those river-fronts, and I expect to see this humble beginning become a great enterprise. There should be room for two hundred volunteers, and I expect to see these young pioneers the properly paid officers of a publicly recognized service. It is a question for New York."

We trust that this question will be answered in a manner worthy of this great city. The lads are as modest as they are brave, and modest heroism is a rare quality at the present day. Only recently they refused the offer of a handsome salary to exhibit themselves in costume for five minutes every night; and they speak of their adventures without a trace of boastfulness. At the close of the dinner referred to Captain BOYTON said to them, "Remember to look for your reward in the consciousness of serving the cause of humanity." "That's the way we does," said Nan, with an earnestness that touched the heart of every one who heard him.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JANUARY.

Sunday, 19.—Second Sunday after Epiphany.
Saturday, 25.—Conversion of St. Paul.
Sunday, 26.—Third Sunday after Epiphany.

THE letter of LEO XIII., published at the close of 1878 in the *Osservatore Romano*, does not speak hopefully of the prospect of peace between the papacy and Germany. It is dated December 24. According to the Atlantic cable report, LEO declares that "from the commencement of his pontificate he has desired peace between princes, peoples, and the Church. He has turned his thoughts in preference toward the noble German nation, *but God alone knows whether the work is near success.* He will continue in the path hitherto pursued, and appeals to the German bishops to obey all laws not contrary to their faith." The letter concludes thus: "We must pray God to lead the noble and powerful Emperor of Germany and his advisers to show more disposition toward good-will." We may infer from this language that the negotiations with Germany for a settlement have thus far failed of decisive result.

The most aggressive of the English Low-Church bishops, Dr. BARING, of the see of Durham, has resigned his office on account of the infirmities of age. As is the case with so many of the leaders of the English Church, he was a distinguished university scholar. In 1856 he became Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, and in 1861 was translated to Durham. In the line of his promotion he followed precisely Bishop BUTLER, the author of the immortal *Analogy*, who was first Bishop of Bristol, and died Bishop of Durham. Dr. BARING's course as bishop has provoked much controversy. "He has been," says the *Guardian*, "thoroughly uncompromising, we might say, in some respects, unrelenting. Perfectly assured that evangelical Churchmen are the only sound Churchmen, he has thrown the full weight of the episcopal office, of his resolute and vigorous character, and of his long purse into the promotion of evangelical ascendency in his see." Yet even this opponent pays its tribute to Bishop BARING's munificence, his kindness to poor parishes, and his disinterestedness.

An active discussion has sprung up of the proper limits of the revision of the English Bible now going on. This is always a legitimate question, but it is hardly expedient to prejudge the work of the revisers in advance of publication. The changes they have made are thus far presumed to be known only to themselves. At the last Episcopal Church Congress Bishop COXE read a paper in which he argued that the English Bible should be left substantially as it is, and especially deprecated the rejection of 1 John, v. 7. The received Greek text, which was originally adopted without the exercise of much critical skill, is admitted to be defective; but how far it should be modified by the readings of manuscripts not used in its formation is a question of prudence. It is generally admitted that the weight of the authority of the ancient manuscripts is against the genuineness of 1 John, v. 7.

Mr. SANKEY is in London, where he is giving assistance to ministers in their church work. Mr. HENRY VARLEY has been so successful in Australia that a tabernacle will be erected in Melbourne for his use. It will be made large enough to seat 5000 persons.

Thanksgivings for the safe return of the Emperor of Berlin have been offered in all the churches of Prussia. When he entered the city the people met him at the gate, and with many demonstrations of joy escorted him home. His right hand is still tied up in a sling. Berlin has been emptied of known members of the Socialist party. One hundred and fifty Socialist clubs, there and elsewhere in Germany, have been closed, and two hundred publications suppressed.

The Chancery Section of the English Court of Appeals delivered on November 23 last an opinion which has a most important bearing on the training of children who are born of mixed marriages. Mrs. AGAR ELLIS, the wife in this suit, is a daughter of Lord CAMOYS, a leading English Catholic. Mr. ELLIS, before marriage, made a promise that the children born should be educated in the Catholic faith. Mr. ELLIS has repented of his promise, and appeared before the Vice-Chancellor to demand the enforcement of his wish that his three children may be reared in the faith of the Church of England. The decision of the Vice-Chancellor was in his favor. The judges of the Court of Appeal were also unanimously in his favor. They decided that the promise given before marriage was void in law, and that "the father is undoubtedly charged with the education of his children." Said Lord Justice JAMES: "The right of the father to the custody and control of his children is one of the most sacred rights. No doubt the law may take away from him this right, or may interfere with the exercise of it, just as it may take away his life or his property, or interfere with his liberty, but it must be for some sufficient cause known to the law. In the absence of some conduct by the father entailing such forfeiture or amounting to such abdication, the court has never interfered with the father's legal right."

The alleged will of MARTIN LUTHER, having been subjected to careful tests by experts, has been pronounced genuine. It has been long in the possession of the National Evangelical Church of Hungary. It was once the property of CARPZOV, the great theologian, and went to Hungary with other manuscripts purchased by a wealthy collector. It was again purchased by the Archduchess MARIA DOROTHEA, and presented by her to the Hungarian Evangelical Church. It has been faithfully preserved in the archives of this Church, but has been depreciated this long time by doubts of its authenticity. These doubts are now set at rest. The precious relic has been deposited in the National Museum of Pesth, where it will have a place of honor.

The order of topics for the week of prayer, which begins Sunday, January 5, has already been published in this Intelligence. The suggestion has been made that on Sunday, January 12, public union meetings "be held for prayer, praise, and the presentation of the object and work of the Evangelical Alliance." The "Women's National Christian Temperance Union" have resolved to employ the entire month in this way, and have called on the affiliated unions to co-operate. The evangelical ministers of Baltimore have, in connection with Mr. MOODY, issued an invitation to all the churches of the country to follow up the week of prayer with special evangelistic efforts.

The New York State Baptist Centennial Fund, which was originated in 1876, has reached the goodly sum of $103,946. In accordance with the wise determination of the denomination, it will be applied to the promotion of education. Already Madison University has received from it $12,444; Rochester University, $33,153; Hamilton Theological Seminary, $12,644; and Rochester Theological Seminary, $13,533.

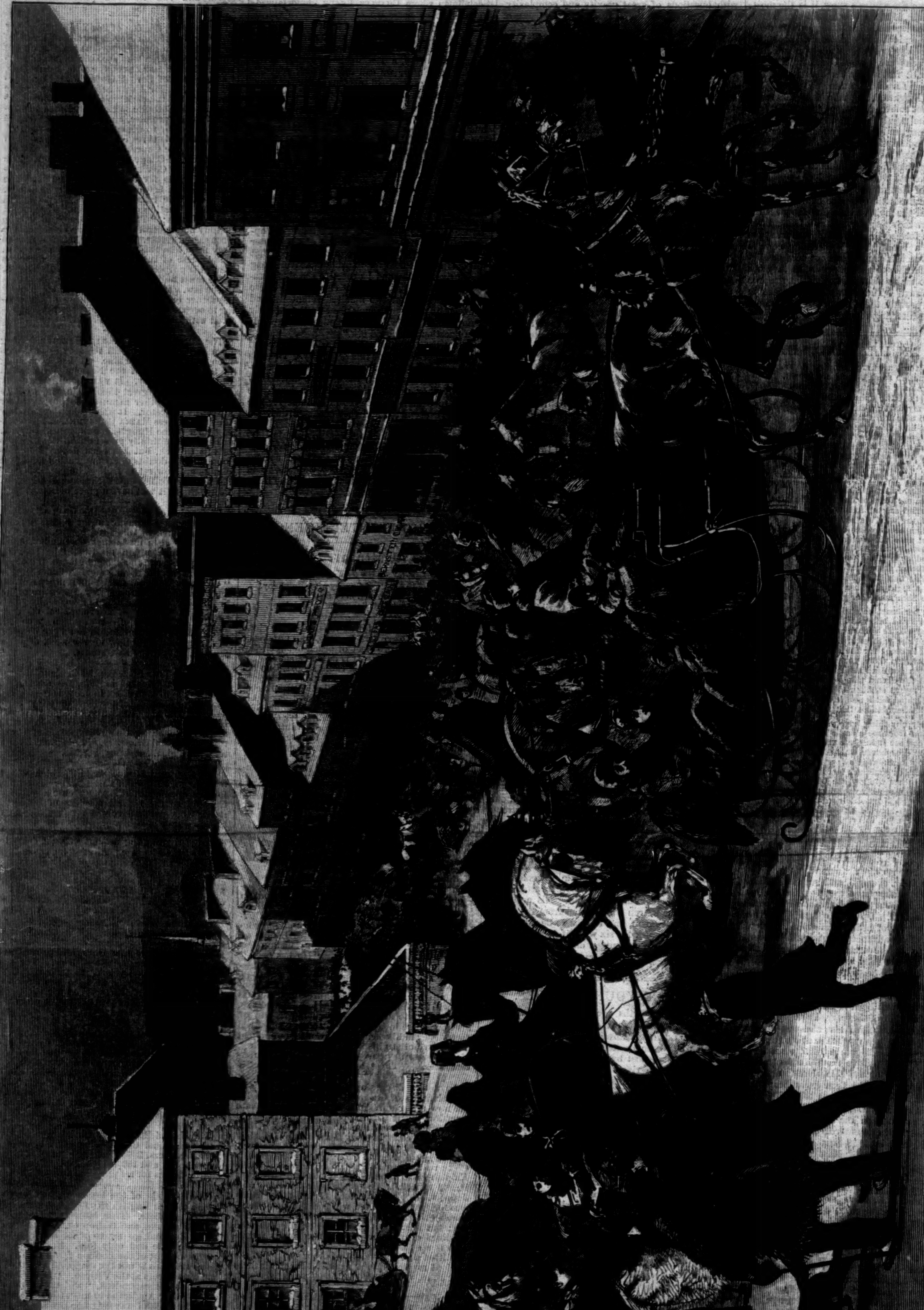
Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN's bill (which will be brought forward when Parliament re-assembles) for the opening of the parish church-yards of England to the funeral services of Dissenters shows what persistence will accomplish in carrying a public measure. His first resolution was offered to the Lower House in 1870; he has been defeated time and again, but without delay has renewed the struggle. Already he has secured concessions to the demands of the Nonconformists in partial measures proposed by the Conservative party. Four bills on this subject will be before Parliament in 1879, three of them in charge of supporters of Mr. DISRAELI's government.

The amounts of subsidy money withdrawn in Prussia from the support of Roman Catholic bishops and priests since 1875 show to what extent the clergy of that Church have refused to obey the new ecclesiastical laws. The total sum annually appropriated to their support is $711,115; of this only $174,445 is drawn each year. Of the portion reserved for bishops, one-third is taken; of the portion for the other clergy, only one-fifth.

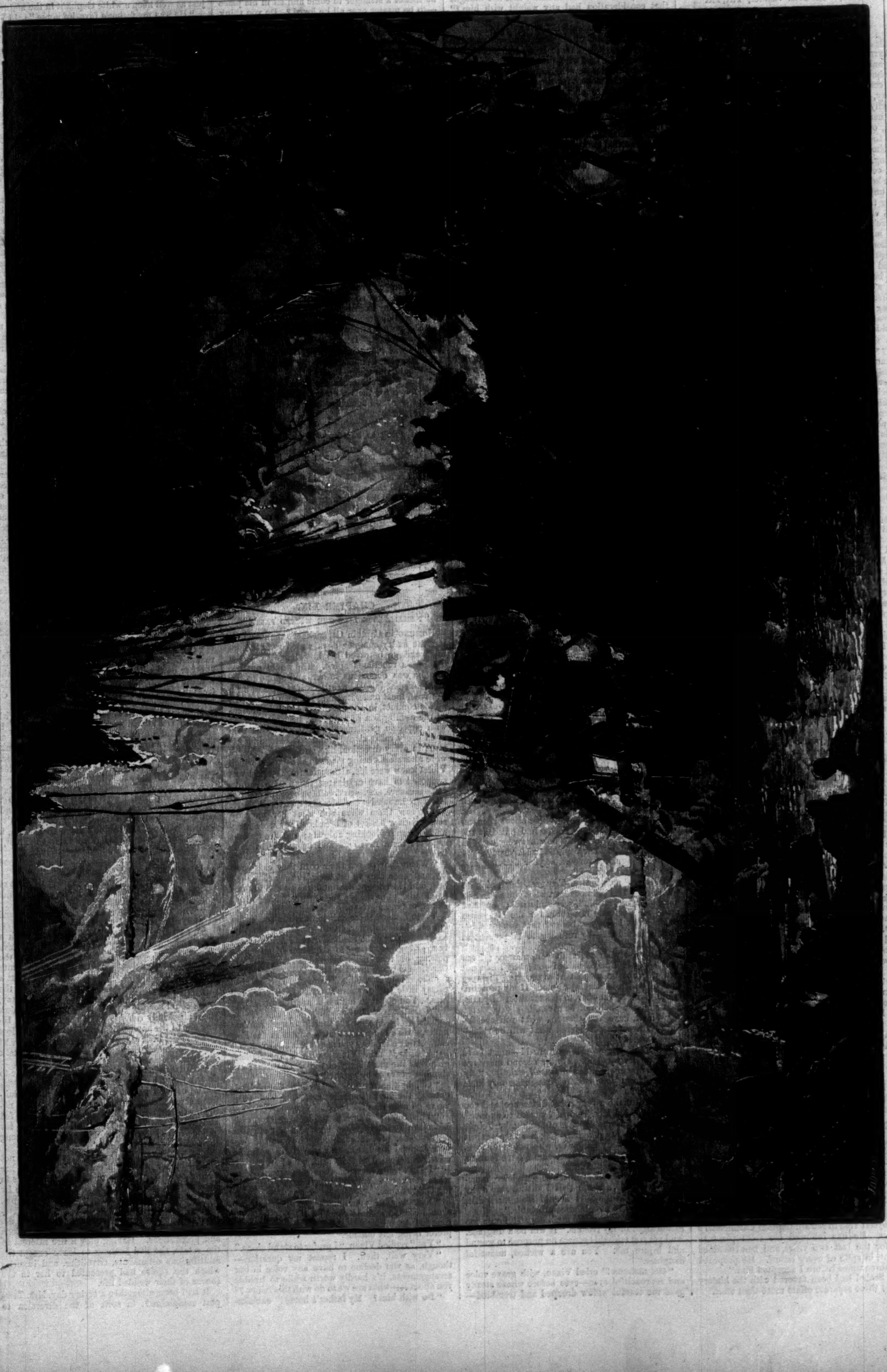
The venerable Archbishop PURCELL, of the see of Cincinnati, has resigned his episcopal office. In connection with his brother he has for years undertaken to carry on a savings-bank for his people. The bank is embarrassed, and the archbishop no doubt feels this trying position very acutely. His long services and character entitle him to all the help that can be given by his people.

The United Brethren in Christ report for this year 45 Annual Conferences, 152,231 members, 2152 preachers, 2093 meeting-houses, 3060 Sunday-schools, and 153,150 scholars. The total of contributions for all purposes was $618,616.

The attitude of the heads of the Church of Rome toward English ritualists has been long a matter of debate. True, Monsignor CAPEL, Cardinal MANNING, and Bishop CLIFFORD, who are all in England, go far to meet and help them into the true and only fold. But the Roman correspondent of the London *Daily Chronicle* reports that this is not the disposition of the Pope and his advisers at the Vatican. "The Vatican," says this correspondent, "will never entertain any plan for Anglicans to meet the Roman Catholic Church half way by some process of paring down her doctrines to the ritualistic level. All sly consecrations of bishops, similar to those commonly rumored to have taken place, will be treated as grossly irregular and burglarious." LEO XIII. is disposed to adopt in regard to the ritualistic party a policy of masterly inactivity. He will wait for them to come to him. It is said, however, that Father TONCHINI, a Barnabite monk, has formed an association to promote the union of Anglicans and the Eastern Separatists with the Church of Rome.



SLEIGHING IN QUEBEC.—DRAWN BY I. P. PRANISHNIKOFF.—[SEE PAGE 46.]



THE BURNING OF THE SPANISH FRIGATE "SAN PEDRO ALCANTARA," IN 1815, OFF THE COAST OF VENEZUELA.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 47.]

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1137.]

VIXEN.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE," "AN OPEN VERDICT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(*Continued.*)

WEDDING GARMENTS.

AFTER that night in Mrs. Tempest's boudoir it was only by tacit avoidance of her mother that Vixen showed the intensity of her disapproval. If she could have done any good by reproof or entreaty, by pleading or exhortation, she would assuredly have spoken; but she saw the captain and her mother together every day, and she knew that, opposed to his influence, her words were like the idle wind which bloweth where it listeth. So she held her peace, and looked on with an aching, angry heart, and hated the intruder who had come to steal her dead father's place. To take her father's place: that in Violet's mind was the unpardonable wrong. That any man should enter that house as master, and sit in the squire's seat, and rule the squire's servants, and ride the squire's horses, was an outrage beyond endurance. She might have looked more leniently on her mother's folly had the widow chosen a second husband with a house and home of his own, who would have carried off his wife to reign over his own belongings, and left the Abbey House desolate, a temple dedicated to the dead.

Mrs. Tempest's manner toward her daughter during this period was at once conciliatory and reproachful. She felt it a hard thing that Violet should have taken up such an obnoxious position. This complaint she repeated piteously, with many variations, when she discussed Violet's unkindness with her lover. She had no secrets from the captain, and she told him all the bitter things Violet had said about him.

He heard her with firmly set lips and an angry sparkle in his dark eyes, but his tone was full of paternal indulgence presently, when Mrs. Tempest had poured out all her woes.

"Is it not hard upon me, Conrad?" she asked, in conclusion.

"My dear Pamela, I hope you are too strong-minded to distress yourself seriously about a willful girl's foolishness. Your daughter has a noble nature, but she has been spoiled by too much indulgence. Even a race-horse—the noblest thing in creation—has to be broken in, not always without severe punishment. Miss Tempest and I will come to understand each other perfectly by-and-by."

"I know you will be a second father to her," said Mrs. Tempest, tearfully.

"I will do my duty to her, dearest, be assured."

Still Mrs. Tempest went on harping upon the cruelty of her daughter's conduct. The consciousness of Violet's displeasure weighed heavily upon her.

"I dare not even show her my trousseau," she complained; "all confidence is at an end between us. I should like to have her opinion about my dresses—though she is sadly deficient in taste, poor child, and has never even learned to put on her gloves perfectly."

"And your own taste is faultless, love," replied the captain, soothingly. "What can you want with advice from an inexperienced girl, whose mind is in the stable?"

"It is not her advice I want, Conrad, but her sympathy. Fanny Scobel is coming this afternoon. I can show her my things. I really feel quite nervous about talking to Violet of her own dress. She must have a new dress for the wedding, you know, though she can not be a bride-maid. I think that is really unfair. Don't you, Conrad?"

"What is unfair, dearest?" asked the captain, whose mind had scarcely followed the harmless meanderings of his lady's speech.

"That a widow is not allowed to have bride-maids or orange blossoms. It seems like taking the poetry out of a wedding, does it not?"

"Not to my mind, Pamela. The poetry of wedlock does not lie in these details—a sugared cake and satin favors, a string of carriages and a Brussels veil. The true poetry of marriage is in the devotion and fidelity of the two hearts it binds together."

Mrs. Tempest sighed gently, and was almost resigned to be married without bride-maids or orange blossoms.

It was now within a month of the wedding, which was to be solemnized on the last day of August—a convenient season for a honey-moon tour in Scotland. Mrs. Tempest liked to travel when other people travelled. Mountain and flood would have had scarcely any charm for her "out of the season." The time had come when Violet's dress must be talked about, as Mrs. Tempest told the vicar's wife, solemnly. She had confided the secret of her daughter's unkindness to Mrs. Scobel in the friendly hour of afternoon tea.

"It is very hard upon me," she repeated—"very hard that the only drawback to my happiness should come from my own child."

"Violet was so fond of her father," said Mrs. Scobel, excusingly.

"But is that any reason she should treat me unkindly? Who could have been fonder of dear Edward than I was? I studied his happiness in every thing. There never was an unkind word between us. I do not think any one could expect me to go down to my grave a widow in order to prove my affection for my dearest Edward. That was proved by every act of my married life. I have nothing to regret, nothing to atone for. I feel myself free to reward Captain Carmichael's devotion. He has followed me from place to place for the last two years, and has remained constant, in spite of every rebuff. He proposed to me three times before I accepted him."

Mrs. Scobel had been favored with the history of these three separate offers more than once.

"I know, dear Mrs. Tempest," she said, somewhat hurriedly, lest her friend should recapitulate the details. "He certainly seems very devoted. But of course, from a worldly point of view, you are an excellent match for him."

"Do you think I would marry him if I thought that consideration had any weight with him?" demanded Mrs. Tempest, indignantly. And Mrs. Scobel could say no more.

There are cases of physical blindness past the skill of surgery, but there is no blindness more incurable than that of a woman on the verge of forty who fancies herself beloved.

"But Violet's dress for the wedding," said Mrs. Scobel, anxious to get the conversation upon easier ground. "Have you really said nothing to her about it?"

"No. She is so headstrong and self-willed I have been absolutely afraid to speak. But it must be settled immediately. Theodore is always so busy. It will be quite a favor to get it done at so short a notice, I dare say."

"Why not speak to Violet this afternoon?"

"While you are here? Yes, I might do that," replied Mrs. Tempest, eagerly.

She felt that she could approach the subject more comfortably in Mrs. Scobel's presence. There would be a kind of protection in a third person. She rang the bell.

"Has Miss Tempest come home from her ride?"

"Yes, ma'am. She has just come in."

"Send her to me at once, then. Ask her not to stop to change her dress."

Mrs. Tempest and Mrs. Scobel were in the drawing-room, sitting at a gypsy table before an open window, the widow wrapped in a China crape shawl, lest even the summer breeze should be too chill for her delicate frame, the Worcester cups and saucers and antique silver tea-pot and caddy and kettle set out before her like a child's toys.

Violet came running in, flushed after her ride, her habit muddy.

"Bogged again!" cried Mrs. Tempest, with ineffable disgust. "That horse will be the death of you some day."

"I think not, mamma. How do you do, Mrs. Scobel?"

"Violet," said the vicar's wife, gravely, "why do you never come to our week-day services now?"

"I—I don't know. I've not felt in the humor for coming to church. It's no use to come and kneel in a holy place with rebellious thoughts in my heart. I come on Sundays for decency's sake; but I think it's better to keep away from the week-day services till I am in a better temper."

"I don't think that's quite the way to recover your temper, dear."

Violet was silent, and there was a rather awkward pause.

"Will you have a cup of tea, dear?" asked Mrs. Tempest.

"No, thanks, mamma. I think, unless you have something very particular to say to me, I had better take my muddy habit off your carpet. I feel rather warm and dusty. I shall be glad to change my dress."

"But I have something very particular to say, Violet. I won't detain you long. You'd better have a cup of tea."

"Just as you please, mamma."

And, forgetful of her clay-bespattered habit, Violet sank into one of the satin-covered chairs, and made a wreck of an antimacassar worked in crewels by Mrs. Tempest's own hands.

"I am going to write to Madame Theodore by this evening's post, Violet," said her mother, handing her a cup of tea, and making believe not to see the destruction of that exquisite antimacassar; "and I should like to order your dress for—the—wedding. I have been thinking that cream-color and pale blue would suit you to perfection. A cream-colored hat—the Vandyck shape—with a long blue ostrich—"

"Please don't take any trouble about it, mamma," said Vixen, whose cheek had paled at the word "wedding," and who now sat very erect in her chair, holding her cup and saucer firmly. "I am not going to be present at your wedding, so I shall not want a dress."

"Violet!" cried Mrs. Tempest, beginning to tremble. "You can not mean what you say. You have been very unkind, very undutiful; you have made me perfectly miserable for the last seven weeks; but I can not believe that you would—grossly insult me—by refusing to be present at my wedding."

"I do not wish to insult you, mamma; I am very sorry if I have pained you; but I can not and will not be present at a marriage the very idea of which is hateful to me. If my presence could give any sanction to this madness of yours, that sanction shall not be given."

"Violet, have you thought what you are doing? Have you considered what will be said—by the world?"

"I think the world—our world—must have made up its mind about your second marriage already, mamma," Vixen answered, quietly. "My absence from your wedding can make very little difference."

"It will make a very great difference, and you know it," cried Mrs. Tempest, roused to as much passion as she was capable of feeling. "People will say that my daughter sets her face against my marriage—my daughter, who ought to sympathize with me, and rejoice that I have found a true friend and protector."

"I can not either sympathize or rejoice, mamma. It is much better that I should stop away from your wedding. I should look miserable, and make other people uncomfortable."

"Your absence will humiliate and lower me in the sight of my friends. It will be a disgrace. And yet you take this course on purpose to wound and injure me. You are a wicked, undutiful daughter."

"Oh, mamma!" cried Vixen, with grave voice and reproachful eyes—eyes before whose steady gaze the tearful widow drooped and trembled—"is duty so one-sided? Do I owe all to you, and you nothing to me? My father left us together, mother and daughter, to be all the world to each other. He left us mistresses of the dear old home we had shared with him. Do you think he meant a stranger to come and sit in his place—to be master over all he loved? Do you think it ever entered his mind that in three little years his place would be filled by the first comer—his daughter asked to call another man father?"

"The first comer!" whimpered Mrs. Tempest. "Oh, this is too cruel!"

"Violet!" exclaimed Mrs. Scobel, reprovingly, "when you are calmer you will be sorry for having spoken so unkindly to your dear mamma."

"I shall not be sorry for having spoken the truth," said Violet. "Mamma has heard the truth too seldom in her life. She will not hear it from Captain Carmichael—yet awhile."

And after flinging this last poisoned dart Vixen took up the muddy skirt of her habit and left the room.

"It was rather a pity that Arion and I did not go to the bottom of that bog and stay there," she reflected. "I don't think any body wants us above-ground."

"Did you ever know any thing so humiliating, so shameful, so undutiful?" demanded Mrs. Tempest, piteously, as the door closed on her rebellious daughter. "What will people say if Violet is not at my wedding?"

"It would be awkward, certainly, unless there were some good reason for her absence."

"People are so ill-natured. Nobody would believe in any excuse that was made. That cruel girl will disgrace me."

"She seems strongly prejudiced against Captain Carmichael. It is a great pity. But I dare say she will relent in time. If I were you, dear Mrs. Tempest, I should order the dress."

"Would you really, Fanny?"

"Yes, I should order the dress, and trust in Providence for the result. You may be able to bring her round somehow between now and the wedding."

"But I am not going to humiliate myself. I am not going to be trampled on by my daughter."

"Of course not; but you must have her at your wedding."

"If I were to tell Captain Carmichael what she has said this afternoon—"

"He would be very angry, no doubt. But I would not tell him if I were you."

"No, I shall not say any thing about it."

Yet, before night, Captain Carmichael had heard every syllable that Vixen had said, with some trifling and unconscious exaggerations, hardly to be avoided by a woman of Mrs. Tempest's character, in the narration of her own wrongs.

CHAPTER XIX.

"I SHALL LOOK LIKE THE WICKED FAIRY."

NOTHING in Captain Carmichael's manner during the sultry summer days which went before his marriage betrayed his knowledge of Violet Tempest's rebellious spirit. He would not see that he was obnoxious to her, and spoke to her and looked at her as sweetly as if there had been the friendliest understanding between them. In all his conduct, in any act of his which approached the assumption of authority, he went to work with supreme gentleness. Yet he had his grip upon every thing already, and was extending his arms in every direction, like an octopus. There were alterations being made in the garden which Violet knew were his, although Mrs. Tempest was supposed to have originated them. He had, in some measure, assumed dominion over the stables. His two hunters were already quartered there. Vixen saw them when she went her morning round with a basket of bread. They were long-bodied, hungry-looking animals; and the grooms reported them ravenous and insatiable in their feeding.

"When they've eat their corn they eats their 'ay, and when they've eat their 'ay they eats their bed, and then they takes and gnaws the wooden partitions. I never see such brutes," complained Bates, the head groom.

Vixen fancied these animals were in some wise typical of their owner. One morning when Vixen was leaning upon the half door of Arion's loose box, giving herself up to a quarter of an hour's petting of that much-beloved animal, Captain Carmichael came into the stable.

"Good-morning, Miss Tempest. Petting that pretty little bay of yours? I'm afraid you spoil him. You ought to hunt him next October."

"I shall never hunt again."

"Pshaw! At your age there's no such word as never. He's the neatest little hunter in the Forest. And on off days you might ride one of mine."

"Thanks," said Vixen, with a supercilious glance at the most leggy of the two hunters; "I shouldn't care to be up there."

"Oh, by-the-way," said Captain Carmichael, opening the door of another loose box, "what are we to do with this fellow?"

"This fellow" was a grand-looking bay, with herculean quarters, short legs, and a head like a war-horse. He snorted indignantly as the captain slapped his flank, and reared his splendid crest, and seemed as if he said, "Ha! ha!"

"I don't quite know of whom you are speaking when you say 'we,'" said Vixen, with an unsmiling countenance.

"Naturally of your mother and myself. I should like to include you in all our family arrangements, present or future; but you seem to prefer being left outside."

"Yes," replied Vixen, "I prefer to stand alone."

"Very well, then. I repeat my question—though, as you decline to have any voice in our arrangements, it's hardly worth while to trouble you about it—what are we to do with this fellow?"

"Do with him? My father's horse!" exclaimed Vixen; "the horse he rode to his dying day! Why, keep him, of course."

"Don't you think that is rather foolish? Nobody rides or drives him. It takes all one man's time to groom him and exercise him. You might just as well keep a white elephant in the stables."

"He was my father's favorite horse," said Vixen, with indignant tears clouding the bright hazel of her eyes. "I can not imagine mamma capable of parting with him. Yet I ought not to say that, after my experience of the last few months," she added, in an under-tone.

"Well, my dear Miss Tempest, family affection is a very charming sentiment, and I can quite understand that you and your mamma would be anxious to secure your father's horse a good home and a kind master; but I can not comprehend your mamma being so foolish as to keep a horse which is of no use to any member of her family. If the brute were of a little lighter build, I wouldn't mind riding him myself, and selling one of mine. But he's too much of a weight-carrier for me."

Vixen gave Arion a final hug, drying those angry tears upon his soft neck, and left the stable without another word. She went straight to her mother's morning-room, where the widow was sitting at a table covered with handkerchiefs and glove-boxes, deeply absorbed in the study of their contents, assisted by the faithful Pauline, otherwise Polly, who had been wearing smarter gowns and caps ever since her mistress's engagement, and who was getting up a trousseau on her own account, in order to enter upon her new phase of existence with due dignity.

"We shall keep more company, I make no doubt, with such a gay young master as the captain," she had observed in the confidences of Mrs. Trimmer's comfortable parlor.

"I can never bring myself to think Swedish gloves pretty," said Mrs. Tempest, as Vixen burst into the room; "but they are the fashion, and one must wear them."

"Mamma," cried Vixen, "Captain Carmichael wants you to sell Bullfinch. If you let him be sold, you will be the meanest of women."

And with this startling address Vixen left the room as suddenly as she had entered it, banging the door behind her.

Time, which brings all things, brought the eve of Mrs. Tempest's wedding. The small but perfect trousseau, subject of such anxious thoughts, so much study, was completed. The travelling dresses were packed in two large oil-skin-covered baskets ready for the Scottish tour. The new travelling-bag, with monograms in pink coral on silver gilt—a wedding present from Captain Carmichael—occupied the place of honor in Mrs. Tempest's dressing-room. The wedding dress, of cream-colored brocade and old point lace, with a bonnet of lace and water-lilies, was spread upon the sofa. Every thing in Mrs. Tempest's apartment bore witness to the impending change in the lady's life. Most of all, the swollen eyelids and pale cheeks of the lady, who on this vigil of her wedding day had given herself up to weeping.

"Oh, mum, your eyes will be so red to-morrow," remonstrated Pauline, coming into the room with another dainty little box, newly arrived from the nearest railway station, and surprising her mistress in tears. "Do have some red lavender. Or let me make you a cup of tea."

Mrs. Tempest had been sustaining nature with cups of tea all through the agitating day. It was a kind of dram-drinking, and she was as much a slave of the tea-pot as the forlorn drunken drab of St. Giles's is a slave of the gin-bottle.

"Yes, you may get me another cup of tea, Pauline. I feel awfully low to-night."

"You seem so, mum. I'm sure if I didn't want to marry him, I wouldn't, if I was you. It's never too late for a woman to change her mind, not even when she's inside the church. I've known it done. I wouldn't have him, mum, if you feel your mind turn against him at the last," continued the lady's-maid, energetically.

"Not marry him, Pauline, when he is so good and noble, so devoted, so unselfish!"

Mrs. Tempest might have extended this list of virtues indefinitely, if her old servant had not pulled her up rather sharply.

"Well, mum, if he's so good and you're so fond of him, why cry?"

"You don't understand, Pauline. At such a time there are many painful feelings. I have been thinking, naturally, of my dear Edward, the best and most generous of husbands. Twenty years last June since we were married. What a child I was, Pauline, knowing nothing of the world! I had a lovely trousseau; but I dare say, if we could see the dresses now, we should think them absolutely ridiculous. Dear Edward! He was one of the handsomest men I ever saw. How could Violet believe that I should sell his horse?"

"Well, mum, hearing Captain Carmichael talk about it, she naturally—"

"Captain Carmichael would never wish me to do any thing I did not like."

The captain had not said a word about Bullfinch since that morning in the stable. The noble brute still occupied his loose box, and was fed and petted daily by Vixen, and was taken for gallops in the dry glades of the forest or among the gorse and heath of Boldrewood.

Mrs. Tempest had dined—or rather had not dined—in her own room on this last day of her widowhood. Captain Carmichael had business in London, and was coming back to Hampshire by the last train. There had been no settlements. The captain had nothing to settle, and Mrs. Tempest confided in her lover too completely to desire to fence herself round with legal protections and precautions. Having only a life interest in the estate, she had nothing to leave except the multifarious ornaments, frivolities, and luxuries which the squire had presented to her in the course of their wedded life.

It had been altogether a trying day, Mrs. Tempest complained: in spite of the diversion to

painful thought which was continually being offered by the arrival of some interesting item of the trousseau, elegant trifles, ordered ever so long ago, which kept dropping in at the last moment. Violet and her mother had not met that day, and now night was hurrying on; the owls were hooting in the forest; their monotonous cry sounded every now and then through the evening silence like a prophecy of evil. In less than twelve hours the wedding was to take place, and as yet Vixen had shown no sign of relenting.

The dress had come from Madame Theodore's. Pauline had thrown it over a chair with an artistic carelessness which displayed the tasteful combination of cream-color and pale azure.

Mrs. Tempest contemplated it with a pathetic countenance.

"It is simply perfect!" she exclaimed. "Theodore has a most delicate mind. There is not an atom too much blue. And how exquisitely the drapery falls! It looks as if it had been blown together. The Vandyck hat, too! Violet would look lovely in it. I do not think if I were a wicked mother I should take so much pains to select an elegant costume for her. But I have always studied her dress. Even when she was in pinafores I took care that she should be picturesque. And she rewards my care by refusing to be present at my wedding. It is very cruel."

The clock struck twelve. The obscure bird clamored a little louder in his woodland haunt. The patient Pauline, who had packed every thing and arranged every thing, and borne with her mistress's dolefulness all day long, began to yawn piteously.

"If you'd let me brush your hair now, mum," she suggested at last, "I could get to bed. I should like to be fresh to-morrow morning."

"Are you tired?" exclaimed Mrs. Tempest, wonderingly.

"Well, mum, stooping over them dress baskets is rather tiring, and it's past twelve."

"You can go. I'll brush my hair myself."

"No, mum, I wouldn't allow that anyhow. It would make your arms ache. You ought to get to bed as soon as ever you can, or you'll look tired and 'aggard to-morrow."

That word haggard alarmed Mrs. Tempest. She would not have objected to look pale and interesting on her wedding day, like one who had spent the previous night in tears; but haggardness suggested age; and she wanted to look her youngest when uniting herself to a husband who was her junior by some years.

So Pauline was allowed to hurry on the evening toilet. The soft pretty hair, not so abundant as it used to be, was carefully brushed; the night-lamp was lighted, and Pauline left her mistress sitting by her dressing-table in her flowing white raiment, pale, graceful, subdued in coloring, like a classic figure in a faded fresco.

She sat with fixed eyes, deep in thought, for some time after Pauline had left her, then looked uneasily at the little gem of a watch dangling on its ormolu and jasper stand. A quarter to one. Violet must have gone to bed hours ago; unless, indeed, Violet were like her mother, too unhappy to be able to sleep. Mrs. Tempest was seized with a sudden desire to see her daughter.

"How unkind of her never to come near me to say good-night, on this night of all others!" she thought. "What has she been doing all day, I wonder? Riding about the forest, I suppose, like a wild girl, making friends of dogs and horses and gypsies, and all kinds of savage creatures."

And then, after a pause, she asked herself, fretfully:

"What will people say if my own daughter is not at my wedding?"

The idea of possible slander stung her sharply. She got up and walked up and down the room, inwardly complaining against Providence for using her so badly. To have such a rebellious daughter! It was sharper than a serpent's tooth.

The time had not been allowed to go by without some endeavor being made to bring Violet to a better state of feeling. That was the tone taken about her by Mrs. Tempest and the vicar's wife in their conferences. The headstrong, misguided girl was to be brought to a better state of mind. Mrs. Scobel tackled her, bringing all her diplomacy to bear, but without avail. Vixen was rock. Then Mr. Scobel undertook the duty, and, with all the authority of his holy office, called upon Violet to put aside her unchristian prejudices, and behave as a meek and dutiful daughter.

"Is it unchristian to hate the man who has usurped my father's place?" Violet asked, curtly.

"It is unchristian to hate any one. And you have no right to call Captain Carmichael a usurper. You have no reason to take your mother's marriage so much to heart. There is nothing sinful or even radically objectionable in a second marriage; though I admit that, to my mind, a woman is worthier in remaining faithful to her first love, like Anna the prophetess, who had been a widow fourscore and four years. Who shall say that her exceptional gift of prophecy may not have been a reward for the purity and fidelity of her life?"

Mr. Scobel's arguments were of no more effect than his wife's persuasion. His heart was secretly on Violet's side. He had loved the squire, and he thought this marriage of Mrs. Tempest's a foolish if not a shameful thing. There was no heartiness in the feeling with which he supervised the decoration of his pretty little church for the wedding.

"If she were only awake," thought Mrs. Tempest, "I would make a last appeal to her feelings, late as it is. Her heart can not be stone."

She took her candle, and went through the dark silent house to Violet's room, and knocked gently.

"Come in," said the girl's clear voice, with a wakeful sound.

"Ah!" thought Mrs. Tempest, triumphantly, "obstinate as she is, she knows she is doing wrong. Conscience won't let her sleep."

Vixen was standing at her window, leaning with folded arms upon the broad wooden ledge, looking out at the dim garden, over which the pale stars were shining. There was a moon, but it was hidden by drifting clouds.

"Not in bed, Violet," said her mother, sweetly.

"No, mamma."

"What have you been doing all these hours?"

"I don't know—thinking."

"And you never came to wish me good-night."

"I did not think you would want me. I thought you would be busy packing—for your honey-moon."

"That was not kind, Violet. You must have known that I should have many painful thoughts to-night."

"I did not know it. And if it is so, I can only say it is a pity the painful thoughts did not come a little sooner."

"Violet, you are as hard as iron, as cold as ice!" cried Mrs. Tempest, with passionate fretfulness.

"No, I am not, mamma; I can love very warmly where I love deeply. I have given this night to thoughts of my dead father, whose place is to be usurped in this house from to-morrow."

"I never knew any one so obstinately unkind. I could not have believed it possible in my own daughter. I thought you had a good heart, Violet; and yet you do not mind making me intensely wretched on my wedding day."

"Why should you be wretched, mamma, because I prefer not to be present at your wedding? If I were there, I should be like the bad fairy at the princess's christening. I should look at every thing with a malevolent eye."

Mrs. Tempest flung herself into a chair and burst into tears.

The storm of grief which had been brooding over her troubled mind all day broke suddenly in a tempest of weeping. She could have given no reason for her distress; but all at once, on the eve of that day which was to give a new color to her life, panic seized her, and she trembled at the step she was about to take.

"You are very cruel to me, Violet," she sobbed. "I am a most miserable woman."

Violet knelt beside her and gently took her hand, moved to pity by wretchedness so abject.

"Dear mamma, why miserable?" she asked. "This thing which you are doing is your own choice. Or, if it is not—if you have yielded weakly to overpersuasion—it is not too late to draw back. Indeed it is not. Let us run away as soon as it is light, you and I, and go off to Spain or Italy—any where, leaving a letter for Captain Carmichael to say you have changed your mind. He could not do any thing to us. You have a right to draw back, even at the last."

"Don't talk nonsense, Violet," cried Mrs. Tempest, peevishly. "Who said I had changed my mind? I am as devoted to Conrad as he is to me. I should be a heartless wretch if I could throw him over at the last moment. But this has been a most agitating day. Your unkindness is breaking my heart."

"Indeed, mamma, I have no wish to be unkind—not to you. But my presence at your wedding would be a lie. It would seem to give my approval to an act I hate. I can not bring myself to do that."

"And you will disgrace me by your absence. You do not care what people may say of me."

"Nobody will care about my absence. You will be the queen of the day."

"Every body will care—every body will talk. I know how malicious people are, even one's most intimate friends. They will say my own daughter turned her back upon me on my wedding day."

"They can hardly say that when I shall be here in your house."

Mrs. Tempest went on weeping. She had reduced herself to a condition in which it was much easier to cry than to leave off crying. The fountain of her tears seemed inexhaustible.

"A pretty object I shall look to-morrow!" she murmured, plaintively; and this was all she said for some time.

Violet walked up and down the room, sorely distressed, sorely perplexed. To see her mother's grief, and to be able to give comfort, and to refuse. That must be undutiful, undaughterly, rebellious. But had not her mother forfeited all right to her obedience? Were not their hearts and lives completely sundered by this marriage of to-morrow? To Violet's stronger nature it seemed as if she were the mother—offended, outraged, by a child's folly and weakness. There sat the child, weeping piteously, yearning to be forgiven. It was a complete reversal of their positions.

Her heart was touched by the spectacle of her mother's weakness, by the mute appeal of those tears.

"What does it matter to me, after all, whether I am absent or present?" she argued at last. "I can not prevent this man coming to take possession of my father's house. I can not hinder the outrage to my father's memory. Mamma has been very kind to me, and I have no one else in the world to love."

She took a few more turns, and then stopped by her mother's chair.

"Will it really make you happier, mamma, if I am at your wedding?"

"It will make me quite happy."

"Very well, then; it shall be as you please. But, remember, I shall look like the wicked fairy. I can't help that."

"You will look lovely. Theodore has sent you home the most exquisite dress. Come to my room and try it on," said Mrs. Tempest, drying her tears, and as easily comforted as a child who has obtained its desire by means of copious weeping.

"No, dear mamma, not to-night. I'm too tired," sighed Violet.

"Never mind, dear. Theodore always fits you to perfection. Go to bed at once, love. The dress will be a surprise for you in the morning. Good-night, pet. You have made me so happy."

"I am glad of that, mamma."

"I wish you were going to Scotland with us." (Vixen shuddered.) "I'm afraid you'll be dreadfully dull here."

"No, mamma; I shall have the dogs and horses. I shall get on very well."

"You are such a curious girl. Well, good-night, darling. You are my own Violet again."

And with this they parted, Mrs. Tempest going back to her room with restored peace of mind.

She looked at the reflection of her tear-blotted face anxiously as she paused before the glass.

"I'm afraid I shall look an object to-morrow," she said. "The morning sunshine is so searching."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

UNDER the direction of the United States Hydrographic Office, Lieutenant-Commander F. M. GREEN, U.S.N., and the officers under his command, have during the last four years been engaged in determining, exactly, secondary meridians of longitude by means of the submarine telegraph cables in the West Indies and South America.

The result of the West India work in 1874, 1875, and 1876 was the determining the latitude and longitude of a large number of points in the West Indies with the utmost possible exactness; and during the past year this work, of the greatest value to geographical and geodetical science, has been continued by making a chain of telegraphic measurements from the Royal Observatory at Lisbon by way of Madeira, St. Vincent, Pernambuco, Bahia, Rio de Janeiro, and Monte-Video to Buenos Ayres, there connecting with the observatories of Cordova and Santiago. This chain is perfect, with the exception of one link on the coast of Brazil, where the cable was broken, necessitating the procuring of new cable from England; but its completion will be effected before the computation of the observations already made can be finished.

The method used for determining the latitude was in all cases that of the zenith telescope, brought to great perfection by the United States Engineers and the Coast Survey; that for differences of longitude, the comparison by repeated telegraphic signals of two chronometers at the ends of the telegraph cable, determining their errors both before and after the comparison by numerous transits of stars over the meridian.

In the course of the expedition many foreign naval officers of rank, as well as professional astronomers, expressed a very high opinion of the beauty and eminent fitness of the instruments employed, all of which proved perfectly satisfactory in use, and were, with the exception of the telegraph cable, instruments of American workmanship.

All that is needed to make the work of the last year perfect and complete is the telegraphic determination of the differences of longitude between the Greenwich and Lisbon observatories, and the completion of the imperfect link on the Brazilian coast, both of which will be done during the present year.

Until the observations have been carefully discussed, the results as compared with former determinations can not be known exactly, but a preliminary computation indicates that the longitude of the coast of Brazil is laid down about three or three and a half miles too far west, this westerly error being indicated in a less degree in the longitudes of Madeira and St. Vincent.

Wherever the officers of the expedition went, they were received in the most cordial and gratifying manner, both by the various national authorities and by the officers of the telegraph companies, who most liberally gave the free use of their cables to further scientific knowledge.

Mr. W. G. M'GEE, in a communication to the American Association for the Advancement of Science, offers what he considers a sure method of determining between the crania of the genuine, veritable mound-builders and those of the modern Indians and of the white man, namely, the greater relative size of the posterior molars, or wisdom-teeth, in the former. A similar difference prevailed between the later and earlier races of the Old World, as reported by various anthropologists, the crania of the former differing very strikingly from those of the paleolithic man.

Professor ASA GRAY announces the detection, after the lapse of a hundred years, of a plant obtained by MICHAUX in the mountains of North Carolina, and known as the *Shortia galacifolia*, the rediscovery also having occurred in M'Dowell County, in North Carolina, in a region east of the Black Mountains.

The well-edited natural history periodical published in Washington for several years past by Mr. CHARLES R. DODGE, under the title of *Field and Forest*, was brought to a close by the publication of the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth numbers, completing the third volume. Like their predecessors, these numbers contain valuable original articles on natural history.

Mr. ANDREW GOLDIE, in a recent expedition along the eastern coast of New Guinea, claims to have discovered a group of islands and two splendid harbors, the finest he had seen. These he names Glasgow and Millport, of which he drew plans and took soundings. A new river was also discovered on the west side of Cloudy Bay, which has been named the Blunden. During the trip Mr. GOLDIE obtained many rare and some new species of birds.

A report on the lands of the arid region of the United States, especially those of Utah, by Major J. W. POWELL, has just made its appearance from the government press. It is a well-printed quarto of about 200 pages, with several large maps showing the distribution of the different classes of lands, the rain-fall, and the land grants of this region.

Some important suggestions are made by Major POWELL in this report bearing upon the question of the value of the public lands and the proper method of bringing them into market. He takes the ground that without irrigation the regions where less than twenty inches of rain fall in a year are very uncertain as to their agricultural capabilities; some seasons of course are successful, but there being so many likely to be of a contrary character, agriculture as a whole must be unremunerative. Of course where there is a sufficient supply of water for irrigation, these physical difficulties may be overcome.

The importance of this inquiry is shown by the fact that, exclusive of Alaska, the arid region of the Western United States embraces more than four-tenths of the whole country.

The death of Dr. E. VON GORUP BESAUEZ, Professor of Chemistry at Erlangen University, has just taken place, at the age of sixty-two. His name will be familiar to our chemical readers as that of an author of numerous special papers on chemical subjects, and of a hand-book of chemistry which has long been considered a standard work.

The excellent work accomplished by the United States Coast Survey steamer *Blake* in the Caribbean Sea during last winter has been duly detailed in our columns, as also the fact that a series of deep-sea dredgings was carried on under the superintendence of Mr. ALEXANDER AGASSIZ, which resulted in the addition of many extremely important biological discoveries. The special feature of this work was in employing for the first time a wire rope for trawling and dredging, casts having been made repeatedly at 2000 fathoms with perfect success, and this distance being traversed in one-fourth the time required by the more cumbrous machinery of the *Challenger*.

The *Blake* has again started out on this exploration, with Mr. AGASSIZ on board, leaving the Navy-yard at Washington on Thursday the 28th of November. The region to be explored will be somewhere in the neighborhood of that of last winter; but with the improved machinery the work will doubtless be accomplished with still greater efficiency.

An extremely important contribution to biological science has lately been made by Mr. ALEXANDER AGASSIZ, in a communication to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences upon the development of the bony gar of the United States, of the genus *Lepidosteus*. For many years the embryology of this species has been a subject of consideration by naturalists, and numerous attempts have been made to investigate its character. It was not, however, until the year 1878 that Mr. AGASSIZ, through the agency of Mr. S. S. BLODGETT, of Ogdensburg, was enabled to obtain eggs in a condition suitable for the proposed inquiry.

Learning from Mr. BLODGETT that the spawning season of this fish in Black Lake occurred from the middle of May to the 10th of June, he dispatched Mr. S. W. GARMAN to that locality, who was very successful in securing a supply. These were forwarded to Cambridge, and were made the subject of a critical investigation by Mr. AGASSIZ. A preliminary statement of the result has now been published by him in a well-illustrated paper, showing the growth, condition, and change in the character of the various portions of the body at different ages, up to that of the form of a perfect fish.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A GOOD Scotch answer is generally worth remembering. A little company of Englishmen who went for a hunt to the Northern moors said to the guide, "John, are there any pheasants here?" "They are just in thousands," he replied. "Any partridges, John?" "They are just in thousands," he again replied. "Well, John, are there any gorillas?" "No, there is not many gorillas here; they comes and goes in twos and threes—just like yoursels." William Black adds: "And it was a ferry good answer to the young man."

"Why don't you marry?" said Pope Alexander VII. one day to Alacci, the librarian of the Vatican. "So that, your Holiness, if an opportunity offers, I may enter the priesthood." "Well, then, why don't you become a priest?" "I don't, your Holiness, in order that, if an opportunity presents itself, I may marry well."

"Have you seen *My Son*," asked a young lady of a young man the other evening at a social gathering. "Your son?" exclaimed the youth. "Why! I—I thought—you—you—y-o-u"—and he fainted. The usual restoratives were applied, and he was relieved when told that the lady had reference to the play of *My Son* at one of the theatres.

A man was boasting that he had an elevator in his house. "So he has," chinned in his wife, "and he keeps it in the cupboard in a bottle."

"What!" said a young lady to a sister companion, "you are not going to marry that tall, lean, slender, consumptive-stricken fellow, are you?" "Yes, she is," volunteered the young lady's little brother, looking up from his broken cart wheel; "she's going to marry him and use him for a carpet-stretcher." The boy and the cart wheel passed out through the same door.

An honest Hibernian, in recommending a cow, said she would give milk year after year without having calves. "Because," said he, "it runs in the brade; for she came of a cow that never had a calf."

"See here," said an eccentric old man to an office-boy who had brought a doctor's bill to him—"see here: tell your master that I'll pay him for the items of medicine charged in this bill, but as for the visits, why—I'll return them."

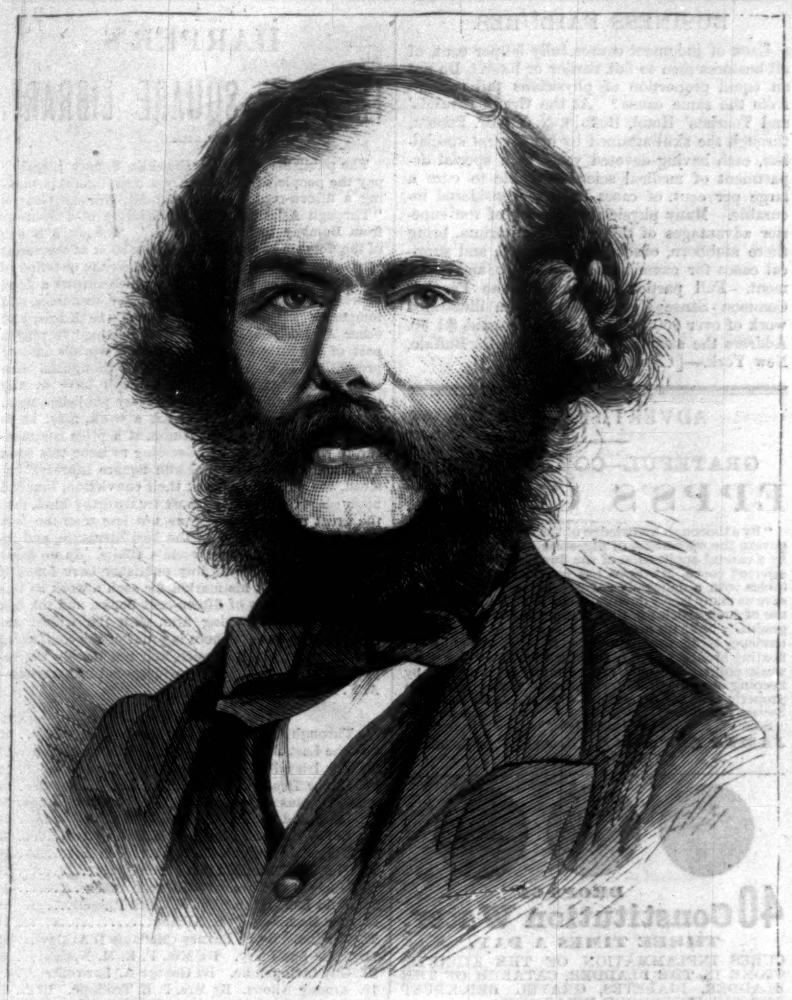
John writes to ask if old Boreas ever had any wives. Certainly; didn't you ever read about the *Merry Wives of Wind-sor?*

"What," the young man asked the young woman who was waiting for him to ask for his hat—"what do I put you in mind of?" "A French clock," she said, softly. And pretty soon he arose and went on his way. The next morning he called upon an eminent horologist and asked him what was the distinguishing trait of a French clock. The horologist said, "Why, it never goes." And the young man was sorely cast down, and he grieved, and told no man of his hurt.

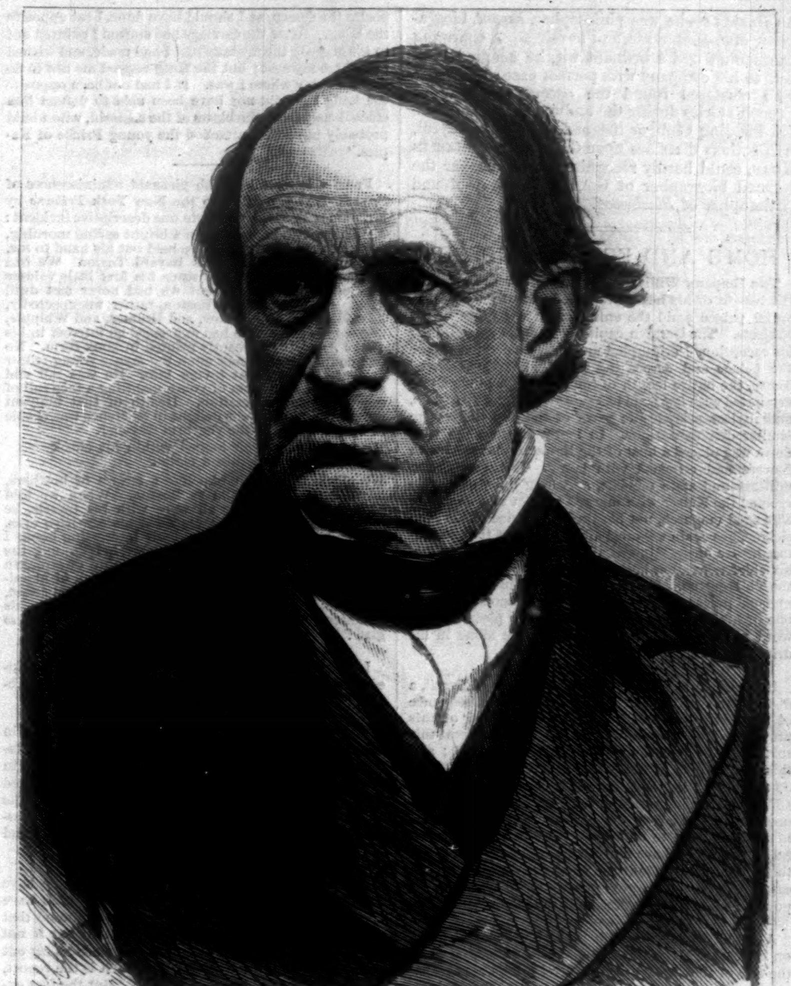
An Iowa clergyman boasts that he can marry twenty couples in an hour. Twenty knots an hour is pretty good speed for a clergyman to make.

While one of the Supreme judges was recently staying at Paris, he went to visit a French professor. The Frenchman asked him a number of questions, and, among the rest, "Where do you live?" "In California." "Well," asked the rude Gaul, "what is your occupation?" "I am a judge of the Supreme Court." "Oh, ah!" returned the Frenchman, "then I need not ask your name—it is Lynch, eh?"

THE COLOR LINE STILL EXISTS—IN THIS CASE.



GEORGE HENRY LEWES.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]



THE HON. CALEB CUSHING.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[SEE PAGE 47.]

GEORGE HENRY LEWES.

THIS well-known author, whose recent death has already been mentioned in our columns, was born in London on the 18th of April, 1817. On the completion of his education, which included an extensive and varied course of study in England and on the Continent, he became a clerk in the office of a Russian merchant. He soon abandoned mercantile pursuits, first applying himself to the study of medicine, and a little later devoting all his energies to literature and philosophy. After spending two years in Germany he began an active literary career in London, and soon gained a very high reputation as a versatile and brilliant writer, especially upon philosophical and scientific subjects. He was the author of many papers in the leading quarterlies and magazines of England, became editor of the *Leader* in 1849, and in 1865 founded the *Fortnightly Review*, which he was compelled by ill health to leave the following year.

The philosophical works by which Mr. LEWES was most widely known are his *Biographical History of Philosophy, from Thales to Compte*, and *Problems of Life and Mind*. His *Life of Goethe* met with great popularity, and it still remains the best account of the life, works, and character of the great German poet. He was, says the London *World*, the most many-sided man in London. In addition to being the profoundest German scholar among Englishmen—not excepting THOM-

THREE YOUNG HEROES—THE NEW YORK VOLUNTEER LIFE-SAVING CORPS.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS FROM A SKETCH BY C. A. KEETELS.—[SEE PAGE 47.]

AS CARLYLE—he was philosopher, *savant*, biographer, dramatist, critic, and novelist. A charming companion and a brilliant wit, he adapted himself to his company with perfect ease; and those who clustered round the cheery *raconteur* of French stories during the ambrosial nights of the old Fielding Club, or listened to his half-playful, half-serious diatribes upon the acting of CHARLES KEAN, could hardly recognize in the speaker the learned biographer of GOETHE, or the profound philosopher of *Blackwood*.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE Emperor William, after an exile from Berlin for the benefit of his health, returned recently to the imperial palace amid the enthusiastic welcomes of his subjects. The German capital was made splendid for his reception. Triumphal arches were erected before the palace and across the principal streets. Every house, the entire length of the Unter den Linden, was decorated with flags and banners and hung with greens, and in less aristocratic parts of the city there were similar demonstrations. In many of the shop windows was placed a bust of the Emperor encircled with flowers and crowned with laurel. Private citizens, military and state officials, and long lines of troops greeted the Kaiser with marked respect and affection. The aged monarch, not heeding the advice of his physicians, has again assumed all the cares of the government. He busies himself all day with affairs of state, his chief relaxation being an afternoon drive through the Thiergarten. In these drives he himself takes no unusual precautions, but he is always accompanied by one of his adjutants on duty, who have pledged their word to each other never to leave him alone in his drives or rides.

In Ceará, one of the northern provinces of Brazil, a distressing condition of affairs exists in consequence of the ravages of small-pox. In the capital of this province, also named Ceará, the deaths from this scourge are reported to have reached 600 daily; and this is in a town of not more than 20,000 inhabitants. So terrible is the mortality that it is said to be impossible to make coffins fast enough for the dead, and the unshrouded victims of the plague are hastily interred in ditches. It is to be hoped that some of the dreadful details which have reached us are exaggerated, but there is no doubt about the fearful ravages of the disease. The Brazilian government is doing all in its power to alleviate the suffering in the infected districts.

A grand celebration took place in Cleveland, Ohio, on December 27, on the occasion of the acceptance by the city of the viaduct or high level bridge connecting the east and west sides of Cleveland, over the Cuyahoga River and the flats. About 12,000 people, undeterred by the severe weather, assembled to witness the ceremonies and join the large procession. Interesting exercises were held at the Tabernacle, on Ontario Street. The work upon this great bridge was commenced in August, 1874, and completed about November 1, 1878. Its length is 3200 feet, and its width sixty feet, except at the pivot span, which is forty-six feet wide. The cost of the entire structure was from $2,000,000 to $2,250,000.

Staten Island and numerous places in the vicinity were recently greatly excited by the report that a lucky farmer on Lake Island had found an ancient urn filled with silver coin. This urn was declared to hold a peck, and very soon this one urn grew to be half a dozen—in the mouths of eager gossipers. Scores of people resolved to abandon regular work, which brought but small pay, and to commence digging for silver, and to find, perchance, gold also. Unfortunately, however, this glittering story of discovered treasure was "investigated," and when it was traced down to its origin it was found to be simply this: A farmer found one silver coin in a lot near his house, and his son jokingly told some companions that his father had found a pot of gold. That is all.

A new department lately established in Hamilton College is the Stone professorship of natural history. The first occupant of the chair is to be Professor A. P. Kelsey, now principal of the State Normal School at Plymouth, New Hampshire. Professor Root, who has been teaching natural history in the college, will now devote himself to instruction in mathematics and mineralogy alone. It is proposed to establish also a department of metallurgy and mining engineering, to be conducted by Professor A. H. Chester.

The first cargo of American wheat ever received at Barcelona, Spain, arrived there about the middle of November, and excited great interest in that city. The cargo consisted of 72,000 bushels, and, according to a dispatch from the American consul at Barcelona, was "immediately recognized as equal to Black Sea and Hungarian wheat." The same steamer that brought it—an English one—was at once chartered to bring another cargo from New York, and it was thought that there would be a demand during the season for twenty-five similar cargoes. These will all be conveyed to Spain in English steamers—a fact that suggests the necessity of direct steam communication between America and Spain, as well as other countries bordering on the Mediterranean.

After the death of Pope Pius IX. a Roman sculptor —Alessandro Malpieri—obtained permission to take casts in plaster of the face and right hand of the pontiff. A copy of these casts which has been received in this city shows that they have been executed with skill, and they are of much interest to students of physiognomy. The cast of the Pope's right hand is a somewhat rare relic, as not many similar ones of famous men exist. Casts were taken of the right hand of Napoleon the Great, Voltaire, and of Abraham Lincoln.

An English officer more distinguished for his bravery than for his literary attainments once said to a friend, in a moment of confidence, "If any lady asks me if I like Tennyson's poems, I say yes, of course, though I never read a line of his. I could," said the gallant soldier, "walk with unflinching courage to a loaded cannon's mouth; but to tell a lady I never read a word of Tennyson's in my life! Good heavens! it makes my very blood run cold to think of it."

Signor Cairoli, the Prime Minister of Italy, who was in the carriage with the King and Queen at the time when Passavanti attacked the King, was chiefly instrumental—as will be remembered—in warding off this attack. Cairoli, who himself was severely wounded, thus gives some details not generally known: "It was very fortunate," said he, "that in getting into the carriage I made a mistake. Instead of placing myself opposite the Queen, as I should have done, I sat opposite the King. After the carriage had started I pointed out to his Majesty the mistake that I had made, and wished to change my seat; but the King begged me not to do it, but to stay where I was. If I had not been opposite the King I should not have been able to defend him efficaciously from the blows of the assassin, who would probably have also attacked the young Prince of Naples."

From a letter filled with pleasant reminiscences of Bayard Taylor, written to the New York *Tribune* by Mr. James T. Field, we quote one descriptive incident:

"Thirty-two years ago, on a bright spring morning, a young man of twenty-three held out his hand to me, and introduced himself as Bayard Taylor. We had corresponded at intervals since his first little volume was published in 1844, but we had never met until then. He had come to Boston, rather unexpectedly, he said, to see Longfellow, and Holmes, and Whipple, and some others, who had expressed an interest in his *Views Afoot*, then recently printed in book form. No one could possibly look upon the manly young fellow at that time without loving him. He was tall and slight, with the bloom of youth mantling a face full of eager, joyous expectation. Health of that buoyant nature which betokens delight in existence was visible in every feature of the youthful traveller.

'The fresh air lodged within his cheek
As light within a cloud.'

We all flocked about him like a swarm of brothers, heartily welcoming him to Boston. When we told him how charmed we all were with his travels, he blushed like a girl, and tears filled his sensitive eyes. 'It is one of the most absorbingly interesting books I ever read,' cried one of our number, heightening the remark with an expletive savoring more of strength than of early piety. Taylor looked up, full of happiness at the opinion so earnestly expressed, and asked, with that simple *naiveté* which always belonged to his character, 'Do you really think so? Well, I am *so* glad!'"

In memory of the late Dr. David Livingstone a stained-glass window has been placed in Westminster Abbey.

The little Prince of Naples has suffered much in health since the attempt to assassinate his royal father. His nights were disturbed by vivid dreams, in which the figure of the assassin appeared to him, and all the incidents of the affair were rehearsed, until he awoke with a cry of terror. It has been found necessary to give the boy a quiet life with his books and playmates, and less of state ceremonials.

Along the Florida coast the bays and harbors have been filled with the dead bodies of fish which have been killed by poisonous waters. It is supposed that the poisoning comes from inland waters; but it not only pervades the coast waters, but extends as far out as 150 miles into the Gulf—at least such is the report, although it seems almost incredible. But the fact exists that the fish trade between Florida and Havana has been nearly ruined by the vast destruction of fish.

If the following incident did *not* "occur recently," it is too good to be lost:

In the early days of California it was the custom of miners who desired to make "remittances" through the express to receive from the express company coined gold in exchange for "nuggets" and "dust." This business was done on Saturday evenings in a little shanty, near which, unfortunately, there was almost always another, devoted to gambling, where many an unlucky miner lost his all. One Saturday evening a dark-visaged, morose man sat in one of the offices of the express company, looking as if he had not only lost all his money, but every friend he ever had. The door suddenly opened, and in walked a hardy-looking young miner, wearing a pleasant, cheerful face, and with a brisk and business-like manner. Stepping to the plank which formed the counter, he deposited his "dust," took his coin, and was about to go, when, turning again to the clerk, he said, "I think you made a mistake in settling with me last week."

"No, I didn't," answered the clerk, sharply; "it's all right."

"Well, perhaps it is," retorted the miner, "but I *know* that you gave me forty dollars *too much*, and," he added, tossing out a couple of double eagles, "here's your money."

The morose man, who had been an attentive listener, rose slowly, moved toward the honest young miner, laid his hand kindly upon his shoulder, and looking into his face, said, "Young man, don't you feel awful *lonesome* in this country?"

RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, COLDS, CHILLS AND FEVER, AND DIPHTHERIA.

THESE diseases, tinged at this time more or less with malaria, are nevertheless caused by imperfect action of the bowels and kidneys. The liver is generally also at fault; together there is an inability to cleanse the blood and system of those matters upon which the health of the body depends. There seems to be an especial retention of uric acid. This causes acute pain in different parts of the body. Were the principle of purgation comprehended these symptoms and these malarious times would cause no anxiety, because a simple purgative like BRANDRETH'S PILLS would prove infallible, for they remove every trace of disease, and, usually, soon. This innocent purgative purges all that is hurtful from the bowels, kidneys, and blood, and, what is of vast importance, they cast out *nothing that is useful*. These pills should be in the house, so that a needed dose may be secured without delay. By their means attacks of dizziness are cured before they end in apoplexy and paralysis. During festive times one may eat or even drink more than is good, but a dose or two of BRANDRETH'S PILLS will restore health by removing all undue accumulations. Let the wise think. Principal Office: No. 294 Canal St., Brandreth House, New York.—[*Com.*]

AT KALDENBERG's factory the most elegant assortment of Ivory Toilet goods can be had—Brushes, Combs, Necklaces, etc. 125 Fulton Street, near Nassau, N. Y. City.—[*Com.*]

BUSINESS FAILURES.

LACK of judgment causes fully 50 per cent. of all business men to fail, earlier or later. Do not an equal proportion of physicians fail to cure from the same cause? At the Grand Invalids' and Tourists' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., Dr. PIERCE, through the skill attained by his several specialists, each having devoted years to a special department of medical science, is able to cure a large per cent. of cases hitherto considered incurable. Many physicians, in view of the superior advantages of this model sanitarium, bring there stubborn, obscure, complicated, and surgical cases for examinations, operation, and treatment. Full particulars given in the People's Common-Sense Medical Adviser, an illustrated work of over 900 pages. Price, post-paid, $1 50. Address the author, R. V. PIERCE, M.D., Buffalo, New York.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

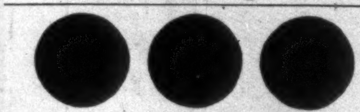
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—See article in the *Civil Service Gazette*.

Sold only in soldered tins, labelled

JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London, Eng.



40 DROPS OF Constitution Water, THREE TIMES A DAY,

CURES INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS, STONE IN THE BLADDER, CATARRH OF THE BLADDER, DIABETES, GRAVEL, BRICKDUST DEPOSIT, CHILDHOOD WEAKNESS.

For Female Complaints a Specialty.

For sale by all Druggists. Send for Circular.

MORGAN & ALLEN, 59 John St., N. Y.

WONDERFUL TOY!

THE CARELESS ENGINEER. MAGICAL AND MECHANICAL.

At option of the lad in charge, it will explode the boiler, and scatter all parts of mill and engine-house in wild confusion, or it can be run entirely free from explosion. Illustrated descriptive circular and price-list sent on application. Address the Manufacturers,

N. & A. POTTS, 236 and 238 North Front St., Philadelphia.

DONT NEGLECT YOUR TEETH

IN THE GOLDEN AGE OF GIRLHOOD

Preserve the beauty of the teeth with **SOZODONT**, and then, when the hair is silvered and the eyes dimmed with years, the mouth will still reveal two glittering rows of unsullied ivory.

SOZODONT

Is a wholesome Botanical preparation and has a refreshing effect upon the mouth. *Repulsive Breath*, arising from Catarrh or use of tobacco and liquors, is completely neutralized by the use of Sozodont. It removes discolorations, imparts a glittering whiteness to the enamel, and renders the decomposition of the teeth impossible.

Holiday Catalogue, No. 11, now ready.

P. & S. American Club Skates, requiring no Heel-plates, Straps, or Wrench, the best made in the market. Magic Tricks, Musical Instruments, Scroll Saws, Toy Steam-engines, Magic Lanterns, Theatrical Plays, and fixtures. All the Latest Novelties. Catalogue, full of illustrations and prices of above goods, sent by mail for 10 cents. PECK & SNYDER, 124 Nassau St., N. Y.

BEWARE of COUNTERFEITS & IMITATIONS!

BOKER'S BITTERS

The best Stomach Bitters known, containing most valuable medicinal properties in all cases of Bowel complaints; a sure specific against Dyspepsia, Fever and Ague, &c. A fine cordial in itself, if taken pure. It is also most excellent for mixing with other cordials, wines, &c. Comparatively the cheapest Bitters in existence.

L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Agent,
P. O. Box 1029. No. 78 John St., N. Y.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

Meerschaum Goods, Amber Articles, Cigar-Holders, and Smokers' Articles, Wholesale and Retail, at the Manufactory of **F. J. KALDENBERG, 125 Fulton St., New York,** near Nassau St. *Send for Price-Lists.*

MINTON'S ART AND ENAMELED TILES

CHINA WORKS, STOKE-UPON-TRENT.

Also, The CAMPBELL BRICK & TILE Co's Encaustic and Geometrical Floor Tiles, Mosaics, &c.

THOS. ASPINWALL & SON,
604 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
The only representatives in the United States for the above firms.

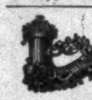
HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY.

The publishers of the "Franklin Square Library" pay the people of this country a compliment in making a fifteen-cent book out of Mr. Grattan Geary's "Through Asiatic Turkey: Narrative of a Journey from Bombay to the Bosporus." The work is one of the notable books of the time, a book of the rarest interest, a book bearing directly upon the question of the future of the East, and one which throws a flood of white light upon the life, character, resources, and temper of the Persians, the Arabs, the Kurds, and other Asiatic peoples who seem destined to play a part of no little importance in the world's history presently. It is a book which all thoughtful men must and most general readers will have at any price; and the first impulse of every publisher, upon coming into possession of such a work, must be to publish it in right royal fashion, at a price commensurate with its value. In deciding to issue this book as a number in the "Franklin Square Library," instead, the publishers attest their conviction, founded upon observation of the most trustworthy kind, that the great mass of Americans, not less than the few, are intelligent readers of the best literature, and interested students of the world's affairs. In no other country perhaps would any publisher have found it profitable to seek his market for such a work as this among the buyers of fifteen-cent books, and the fact that a great publishing firm, with the widest experience, has done so here is proof of the comforting fact that actual intelligence, and not merely the capacity to read, is unusually widespread in America.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

	CTS.
34. Through Asiatic Turkey. By Grattan Geary..	15
33. The Last Days of Pompeii. By Lord Lytton..	15
32. The Irish Bar. By J. Roderick O'Flanagan....	15
31. Elinor Dryden. By Katharine S. Macquoid...	20
30. Christians and Moors of Spain. By C. M. Yonge.	10
29. Light and Shade. By Charlotte G. O'Brien....	10
28. Love's Crosses. By F. E. M. Notley..........	15
27. Rare Pale Margaret..........	10
26. The Mistletoe Bough..........	15
25. Macleod of Dare. By William Black..........	10
24. Auld Lang Syne. By W. Clark Russell........	10
23. The Bachelor of the Albany..........	10
22. Evelina. By F. Burney (Madame D'Arblay)...	15
21. Time Shall Try. By Mrs. F. E. M. Notley....	15
20. Guy Livingstone. By George A. Lawrence....	10
19. Among Aliens. By Mrs. F. E. Trollope. Ill'd..	15
18. The Bubble Reputation. By Katharine King.	15
17. Selected Poems of Matthew Arnold..........	10
16. The Life of the Earl of Beaconsfield, K.G.....	10
15. "Bonnie Lesley." By Mrs. Herbert Martin...	15
14. Haverholme. By Edward Jenkins..........	10
13. The Young Duke. By Benjamin Disraeli.....	15
12. The People of Turkey..........	15
11. Cleveden. By Stephen Yorke..........	10
10. Kingsdene. By Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh........	10
9. Honor's Worth. By Meta Orred..........	15
8. A Beautiful Woman. By Leon Brook..........	10
7. Christine Brownlee's Ordeal. By M. Patrick..	15
6. Henriette. By Ernest Daudet..........	10
5. My Heart's in the Highlands..........	10
4. Paul Knox, Pitman. By J. B. Harwood.......	10
3. The Russians of To-Day..........	10
2. History of a Crime. By Victor Hugo..........	10
1. Is He Popenjoy? By Anthony Trollope......	15

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send any of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*



C. STEHR, Manufacturer of **Meerschaum Pipes & Cigar Holders.** Wholesale and retail. Send for Circular and Price-List. **347 Broome St., N. Y.** Medal awarded at Centennial, 1876.

PATENTS

In connection with the publication of the *Scientific American*, we continue to act as Solicitors for Patents Caveats, Trade-Marks, Copyrights, etc., for the United States, Canada, Cuba, England, France, Germany, etc. In this line of business we have had **thirty-four** *years' experience.*

Patents obtained through us are noticed in the *Scientific American*. This large and splendidly illustrated weekly paper shows the current progress of Science, is very interesting, and has an enormous circulation. Subscriptions $3.20 a year, postpaid; single copies 10 cents. Sold at all Book-stores and News-offices.

Can I Obtain a Patent? The quickest and best way to obtain a satisfactory answer, without expense, is to write to us (Munn & Co.), describing the invention, with a small sketch. All we need is to get the *idea*. We will immediately answer, and give the necessary instructions. For this advice we make *no charge*.

We also send *free* our Hand Book about the Patent Laws, Patents, Caveats, Trade-Marks, their costs, and how procured, with hints for obtaining advances on inventions. Address MUNN & CO., Publishers of the *Scientific American*, 37 Park Row, New York.

Young America Press Co., 35 Murray St., New York, manufacture a variety of hand, self-inking and rotary presses, ranging in price from $1.50 to $150 including the **Centennial, Young America, Cottage, Lightning** and other celebrated printing machines. Our new rotary press, the **United States Jobber**, for cheapness and excellence is unrivalled. Other presses taken in exchange. Lowest prices for type and printing material. Circulars free. Specimen Book of Type, etc., 10 cts. A sample package of plain and fancy cards, 10 cents.

THE AUTOMATIC HOLDER IS THE **EYE-GLASS**

Safest device for carrying glasses. No breaking, no entanglement of cord, as it is reeled up when not used. Is handy and *warranted*. Mailed for 25c. Circulars free. KETCHAM & McDOUGALL, M'f'rs, 4 Liberty Place, N. Y.

$25 FOR A N. Y. SINGER SEWING MACHINE, with drop-leaf table, cover, and case of two drawers, as shown in cut. Warranted New, Latest Improved and Perfect. No pay asked till seen and tried. Send for circular and save money. Address ECONOMY EMPORIUM, 180 Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

KEEP your bird in health and song by using SINGER'S PATENT GRAVEL PAPER. For sale by druggists and cage dealers. Depot, 582 Hudson St., N. Y.

Rogers' Statuary.

$10 and upward.

The Peddler at the Fair.

A NEW GROUP.

PRICE $15.

Illustrated Catalogues may be had on application, or will be mailed, by enclosing 10c. to

JOHN ROGERS,
1155 Broadway, N. Y.,
Corner 27th Street.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT FLAVORING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES, AND SAUCES.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," "British Medical Journal," &c. CAUTION.—Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label.
"Consumption in England increased tenfold in ten years."

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 43 Mark Lane, London, England.

AN ELEGANT IMPORTED VIOLIN

For only $3.00.

Of all musical attainments the art of playing the Violin is for gentlemen the most desirable and attractive, as it affords entertainment and amusement, at home and in company, both for vocal accompaniments and dancing.

The chance to get a fine imported Violin for so small a sum never before offered. We have just bought at auction sale of one of the largest Musical Instrument firms in U. S **500** dozen of real **"OLE BULL"** Violins, imported last year, and worth at retail from $5 to $7 each. We will send one of these Violins (warranted a *genuine* "Ole Bull" **imported**, finely made, and perfect instrument), to any reader of this paper for only **$3.00**, packed carefully in a nice Violin box, with bow, &c., &c.; and for only 50 cents extra, will send a complete Teacher for the Violin, with **400 pieces of choice selected music, &c.** This opportunity to get an elegant Violin and case and bow for less than it cost to make the Violin alone, will never offer again, and a more appropriate present could not be made to any young man. All orders filled promptly, and satisfaction guaranteed. Address, **C. W. Story, 26 Central St., Boston, Mass.**

Harper's European Guide-Book

FOR 1878.

By W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE.

IN 3 VOLS. PRICE, $3 00 PER VOL.

The Volumes sold separately.

Vol. I. Great Britain, Ireland, France, Belgium, and Holland.
Vol. II. Germany, Austria, Italy, and the East.
Vol. III. Switzerland, Russia, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Spain.

Either of the Volumes sent by mail on receipt of Three Dollars.

HARPER'S PHRASE-BOOK: French Without a Master, German Without a Master, Italian Without a Master. By W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE. Complete in one volume. Price, $1 50.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

MAGIC LANTERNS AND STEREOPTICONS
PUBLIC, SUNDAY-SCHOOL & HOME EXHIBITIONS
120 PAGE CATALOGUE FREE
VIEWS ILLUSTRATING ALL SUBJECTS
C. T. MILLIGAN.
728 CHESTNUT ST. PHILADA.

FREE! FREE! FREE! An immense Descriptive Catalogue of Novels, Song Books, Music, Negro Farces, Acting Plays, Letter Writers, Fortune Tellers, Reciters, Cook Books, Speakers, Dialogues, Joke Books, Ready Reckoners, Playing Cards, Books on Magic, Ventriloquism, Swimming, Boxing, Draughts, Cricket, Base Ball; Clog Shoes, Burnt Cork, Wigs, Face Preparations, &c., unequalled and unattainable elsewhere. Mailed free upon application to C. T. DE WITT, Publisher, 33 Rose St., N. Y.

$15 SHOT GUN! A double-barrel gun, bar or front action locks; warranted genuine twist barrels, & a good shooter, or **no sale**; with Flask, Pouch, and a Wad Cutter, for $15. Can be sent C.O.D. with privilege to examine before paying. Send stamp for Catalogue. **Reduced Prices and Large Discounts.** P. POWELL & SON, Gun Dealers, 238 Main St., Cincinnati.

A FORTY-PAGE CATALOGUE

OF

HARPER'S BAZAR

Cut Paper Patterns,

In which the Latest Styles are illustrated in the most superb and artistic manner, will be sent, postage free, to any address, on receipt of Ten Cents. Address
HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

MEN and WOMEN wanted everywhere for the greatest **MONEY MAKING** business of the day. $1 to $2 per hour easily made in any locality. Will prove it or forfeit $500. Goods entirely new. Samples free; write at once.
WILDES & CO., Boston, Mass.

FITS CURED.

Dr. Brown's great prescription for **Epilepsy** having now been tested in over 10,000 cases without a failure, he has made up his mind to make the ingredients known to all sufferers free of charge.
Address **Dr. O. PHELPS BROWN,**
21 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J.

CLEAR HAVANA Small Cigars, "Graduates" (3 inches), $11 per 1000. Sample box by mail, 30c. J. M. AGUERO, 246 6th Ave., N. Y.

18 ELEGANT New Style Chromo Cards, with name, 10c., postpaid. GEO. I. REED & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

A splendid opportunity to acquire a valuable and convenient library at an insignificant outlay of money.—BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.

Harper's Half-Hour Series.

A VALUABLE LIBRARY:

ROMANCE, BELLES-LETTRES, HISTORY, FINANCE, DOMESTIC SCIENCE, BIOGRAPHY, &c.

Special Inducements to Private Buyers.

25 VOLUMES IN A BOX FOR $5.

15 CENTS EACH.

The Sorrow of a Secret. By Mary Cecil Hay.
Lady Carmichael's Will and other Christmas Stories.
Our Professor. By Mrs. E. Lynn Linton.
A Dark Inheritance. By Mary Cecil Hay.
Some Recollections of Rufus Choate.
The Romance of a Back Street. By F. W. Robinson.
Tender Recollections of Irene Macgillicuddy.
Constantinople. By James Bryce.
The Turks in Europe. By Edward A. Freeman.
Kate Cronin's Dowry. By Mrs. Cashel Hoey.

20 CENTS EACH.

'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay. By Besant and Rice.
Daisy Miller. By Henry James, Jr.
Behind Blue Glasses. By F. W. Hackländer.
Hand-Book to Pottery Painting. By J. C. L. Sparkes.
Back to the Old Home. By Mary Cecil Hay.
The Lady of Launay. By Anthony Trollope.
The Curate of Orsières. Transl'd by Mary A. Robinson.
Hints to Women on the Care of Property. A. Walker.
The Coming Man. By Charles Reade.
Reaping the Whirlwind. By Mary Cecil Hay.
Seven Years and Mair. By Anna T. Sadlier.
Georgie's Wooer. By Mrs. Leith-Adams.
Brother Jacob.—The Lifted Veil. By George Eliot.
A Shadow on the Threshold. By Mary Cecil Hay.
The Bride of Landeck. By G. P. R. James.
Da Capo. By Miss Thackeray.
Spanish Armada for the Invasion of England.
Poor Zeph! By F. W. Robinson.
Janet's Repentance. By George Eliot.
Mr. Gilfil's Love Story. By George Eliot.
Sad Fortunes of Amos Barton. By George Eliot.
Jews and their Persecutors. By Eugene Lawrence.
Percy and the Prophet. By Wilkie Collins.
The House on the Beach. By George Meredith.
The Mill of St. Herbot. By Katharine S. Macquoid.
The Jilt. By Charles Reade. Illustrated.
The Time of Roses. By Geraldine Butt.
Dieudonnée. By Geraldine Butt.
Oliver Cromwell. By Knatchbull-Hugessen.
Thompson Hall. By Anthony Trollope. Illustrated.

25 CENTS EACH.

Stories from Virgil. By A. J. Church.
Squire Paul. Translated by Mary A. Robinson.
Professor Pressensee. By John Esten Cooke.
Sir Roger de Coverley. From *The Spectator*.
The Canoe and the Flying Proa. By W. L. Alden.
The Youth's Health-Book.
A Sussex Idyl. By Clementina Black.
Moltke's Letters from Russia. Tr'd by Grace Bigelow.
David's Little Lad. By L. T. Meade.
A Year of American Travel. By Mrs. J. B. Frémont.
Back to Back. By Edward Everett Hale.
Shepherds All and Maidens Fair. Besant and Rice.
My Lady's Money. By Wilkie Collins.
Warren Hastings. By Lord Macaulay.
Life and Writings of Addison. By Lord Macaulay.
Lord Clive. By Lord Macaulay.
Frederic the Great. By Lord Macaulay.
The Earl of Chatham. By Lord Macaulay.
William Pitt. By Lord Macaulay.
Samuel Johnson. By Lord Macaulay.
John Hampden.—Lord Burleigh. By Lord Macaulay.
Sir William Temple. By Lord Macaulay.
Machiavelli.—Horace Walpole. By Lord Macaulay.
John Milton.—Lord Byron. By Lord Macaulay.
Goldsmith.—Bunyan.—Madame D'Arblay. Macaulay.
The A B C of Finance. By Simon Newcomb.
University Life in Ancient Athens. By W. W. Capes.
Virginia. A Roman Sketch.
Cooking Receipts. From *Harper's Bazar*.
Peter the Great. By John Lothrop Motley.
Greek Literature. By Eugene Lawrence.
Latin Literature. By Eugene Lawrence.
Mediæval Literature. By Eugene Lawrence.
English Literature: Romance Period. E. Lawrence.
English Literature: Classical Period. E. Lawrence.
German Literature. By Helen S. Conant.
Early England. By Fred. York-Powell.
England a Continental Power. By Louise Creighton.
Rise of the People and Growth of Parliament.
Tudors and the Reformation. By M. Creighton, M.A.
Struggle against Absolute Monarchy.
Settlement of the Constitution. James Rowley, M.A.
England during the American and European Wars.
Modern England. By Oscar Browning, M.A.
When the Ship Comes Home. By Besant and Rice.
Lambs' Tales from Shakespeare. Tragedies.
Lambs' Tales from Shakespeare. Comedies.

A selection of twenty-five volumes from the above Series will be sent by mail (in box), postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of Five Dollars.

The volumes sent separately at their advertised prices, postage free.

"Harper's Half-Hour Series" will be supplied in Cloth for 15 cents per volume in addition to the price of the respective volumes in paper covers.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

TELEPHONE Works 1 mile. Price $4. Pat'd. Cir's free. HOLCOMB & CO., Mallet Creek, Ohio.

20 All Chromo Cards, Cupids, Mottoes, Flowers, with name, 10c. Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N. Y.

STEINWAY.

Grand, Square, and Upright Pianos.

Triumphant at every World's Fair; endorsed by the most eminent musical authorities of both hemispheres, and the acknowledged Standard Pianos of the World.

Special attention is directed to the lately-patented Steinway Parlor Grand—but six feet long—with touch, quality of tone, and almost the power, of a Steinway Concert Grand; and to the new Steinway Upright or Cabinet Grand, with matchless tone and perfection of action.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES MAILED FREE.

Steinway & Sons.

WAREROOMS:

STEINWAY HALL,

Nos. 109 and 111 East 14th St., New York.

HOW TO MAKE HOUSE

PLANTS BLOOM.

Send for a little book on cultivating house plants, by S. T. Maynard, Professor of Horticulture in the Massachusetts Agricultural College. Mailed FREE to any address by W. H. BOWKER & CO., Manufacturers Bowker's Ammoniated Food for Flowers and the Celebrated Stockbridge Manures. 43 Chatham Street, Boston; 3 Park Place, New York.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, " "	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR, " "	4 00
The THREE publications, one year	10 00
Any TWO, one year	7 00
SIX subscriptions, one year	20 00

Terms for large clubs furnished on application.

The Volumes of the *Weekly* and *Bazar* begin with the first Numbers for January, and the Volumes of the *Magazine* with the Numbers for June and December of each year.

Subscriptions will be commenced with the Number of each Periodical current at the time of receipt of order, except in cases where the subscriber otherwise directs.

Remittances should be made by **Post-Office Money Order** or **Draft**, to avoid chance of loss.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

BOUND VOLUMES.

Bound Volumes of the MAGAZINE, each volume containing the Numbers for Six Months, will be furnished for $3 00 per Volume in Cloth, or $5 25 in Half Calf, sent by mail, postage paid.

Bound Volumes of the WEEKLY or BAZAR, each containing the Numbers for a year, will be furnished for $7 00 each, freight (if not exceeding one dollar a volume) paid by the Publishers.

There are 57 volumes of the MAGAZINE, 22 volumes of the WEEKLY, and 11 volumes of the BAZAR now ready.

ADVERTISING.

The extent and character of the circulation of HARPER'S WEEKLY and BAZAR render them advantageous mediums for advertising. A limited number of suitable advertisements will be inserted at the following rates: in the WEEKLY, Outside Page, $3 00 a line; Inside Pages, $2 00 a line. In the BAZAR, $1 00 a line. Cuts and Display charged the same rates for space occupied as solid matter.

Address
HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

COMPLETE ROTARY & LEVER PRESSES Send 2 stamps for cat. of full line of Presses, Type, etc. DAVID W. WATSON, Man'f., 227 Washington St., Boston, Mass

WANTED—A good man for every State to sell our goods by sample. Fair salary paid. References required. LABELLE MAN'F'G Co., 93 Clark St., Chicago.

BIG PAY.—With Stencil Outfits. What costs 4 cts. sells rapidly for 50 cts. Catalogue *free*. S. M. SPENCER, 112 Wash'n St., Boston, Mass.

$66 A week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Me.

A 32 column monthly STORY PAPER a year with 50 printed Gold Leaf Cards, **FREE** in GEM case, 25 cts. Eagle Printing Co., Springfield, Mass

$295 A MONTH. Agents make it. Send for Sample. J. A. BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

GOLD Any worker can make $12 a day at home. Costly outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Me.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

65 Mixed Cards, with name, 10c. and stamp. Ag'ts Outfit, 10c. L. C. COE & CO., Bristol, Conn.

HARPER & BROTHERS' LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

I.

MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. New Edition of Lord Macaulay's History of England, from new electrotype Plates, printed from the Last English Edition. 8vo, Gilt Tops, Superfine Paper, and Cloth Binding. Five Volumes, $10 00 per set. Sold only in sets.

II.

ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS. Edited by JOHN MORLEY. 12mo, Cloth, 75 cents per volume.

The following volumes are now ready: Shelley. By J. A. SYMONDS.—Sir Walter Scott. By R. H. HUTTON.—Edward Gibbon. By J. C. MORISON.—Samuel Johnson. By LESLIE STEPHEN.

III.

SPORT AND WORK ON THE NEPAUL FRONTIER; or, Twelve Years' Sporting Reminiscences of an Indigo-Planter. By "MAORI." 4to, Paper, 10 cents.

IV.

THROUGH ASIATIC TURKEY. Narrative of a Journey from Bombay to the Bosporus. By GRATTAN GEARY. 4to, Paper, 15 cents.

V.

THE IRISH BAR: Comprising Anecdotes, Bon-mots, and Biographical Sketches of the Bench and Bar of Ireland. By J. RODERICK O'FLANAGAN. 4to, Paper, 15 cents.

VI.

THE STORY OF THE CHRISTIANS AND MOORS OF SPAIN. By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE. 4to, Paper, 10 cents.

VII.

EPOCHS OF ENGLISH HISTORY. A Series of Books narrating the History of England. Edited by M. CREIGHTON. 8 volumes.

1. Early England. By F. YORK-POWELL.
2. England a Continental Power, 1066–1216. By LOUISA CREIGHTON.
3. Rise of the People and Growth of Parliament, 1215–1485. By JAMES ROWLEY.
4. The Tudors and the Reformation, 1485–1603. By M. CREIGHTON.
5. The Struggle against Absolute Monarchy, 1603–1688. By BERTHA M. CORDERY.
6. The Settlement of the Constitution, 1689–1784. By JAMES ROWLEY.
7. England during the American and European Wars, 1765–1820. By O. W. TANCOCK.
8. Modern England, 1820–1874. By OSCAR BROWNING.

32mo, Paper, 25 cents per volume.

VIII.

STORIES FROM VIRGIL. By the Rev. A. J. CHURCH, M. A. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents; Cloth, 40 cents.

IX.

SHAKESPEARE'S MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. Edited, with Notes, by WILLIAM J. ROLFE, A.M. With Engravings. Square 16mo, Cloth, 70 cents.

Uniform with *Rolfe's English Classics:* The Merchant of Venice.—Julius Cæsar.—The Tempest.—Henry VIII.—Richard II.—Macbeth.—A Midsummer-Night's Dream.—Henry V.—As You Like It.—Hamlet.—Goldsmith's Select Poems.—Gray's Select Poems. Square 16mo, Cloth, Illustrated, 70 cents per volume; Paper, 50 cents per volume.

X.

THE STORY OF LIBERTY. By CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $3 00.

XI.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF RUFUS CHOATE. By EDWIN P. WHIPPLE. 32mo, Paper, 15 cents; Cloth, 30 cents.

THE NEW NOVELS

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

⁂ These Novels are in Paper, except where otherwise specified.

Macleod of Dare. By WILLIAM BLACK. 12mo, Cloth, Illustrated, $1 25; 8vo, Paper, Illustrated, 60 cents; 4to, Paper, 10 cents.

The Last Days of Pompeii. By EDWARD BULWER (Lord LYTTON). 15 cents.

Our Professor. By Mrs. E. LYNN LINTON. 15 cents.

Lady Carmichael's Will and other Christmas Stories. By MARY CECIL HAY, F. W. ROBINSON, and JUSTIN M'CARTHY. 15 cents.

The Sorrow of a Secret. By MARY CECIL HAY. 15 cents.

'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay. By WALTER BESANT and JAMES RICE. 20 cents.

Elinor Dryden. By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID. 20 cts.

Light and Shade. By CHARLOTTE G. O'BRIEN. 10 cts.

Love's Crosses. By F. E. M. NOTLEY. 15 cents.

A Dark Inheritance. By MARY CECIL HAY. 15 cents.

Rare Pale Margaret. 10 cents.

The Mistletoe Bough. Edited by Miss BRADDON. 15 cts.

Daisy Miller. By HENRY JAMES, Jr. 20 cents.

The Virginians in Texas. By W. M. BAKER. 75 cents.

Auld Lang Syne. 10 cents.

The Bachelor of the Albany. 10 cents.

Evelina. By FRANCES BURNEY (Madame D'ARBLAY). 15 cents.

Cousin Polly's Gold Mine. By Mrs. A. E. PORTER. 40 cents.

Time Shall Try. By F. E. M. NOTLEY. 15 cents.

Behind Blue Glasses. By F. W. HACKLÄNDER. Translated by Mary A. Robinson. 20 cents.

Like unto Like. By SHERWOOD BONNER. 75 cents.

HARPER & BROTHERS will send any of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.

HARPER'S CATALOGUE mailed free on receipt of Nine Cents in stamps.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

AS HARMLESS AS LAGER.
The German Socialists arriving in America—and the danger thereof.

A PAIR OF BACHELOR SLIPPERS.

ESTABLISHED 1820.

C. G. GUNTHER'S SONS

184 Fifth Avenue,
BROADWAY and 23d St., NEW YORK.

Extra Long Seal-Skin Sacques,
In new and large assortments of all sizes and qualities, and at moderate prices.

FUR-LINED CIRCULARS AND CLOAKS,
In choice styles and very low in price.
Fur Trimmings, Fur Robes, Rugs and Mats.
An inspection respectfully invited.

N. B.—Orders by mail, or any information desired, will receive special and prompt attention.

My annual Catalogue of Vegetable and Flower Seed for 1879, rich in engravings, from original photographs, will be sent FREE, to all who apply. Customers of last season need not write for it. I offer one of the largest collections of vegetable seed ever sent out by any seed house in America, a large portion of which were grown on my six seed farms. *Printed directions for cultivation on each package.* All seed *warranted to be both fresh and true to name;* so far, that should it prove otherwise, *I will refill the order gratis.* The original introducer of the Hubbard Squash, Phinney's Melon, Marblehead Cabbages, Mexican Corn, and scores of other vegetables, I invite the patronage of *all who are anxious to have their seed directly from the grower, fresh, true, and of the very best strain.* **NEW VEGETABLES A SPECIALTY.**
JAMES J. H. GREGORY, Marblehead, Mass.

A NEW THING.

HALF SIZE.

HALF SIZE.

The best Coin Tester in the world for all coins, gold and silver. Can carry it in your vest pocket. Nickel-plated. Sample by mail, $1.00, postage paid. Send for descriptive circular. STEWART & MARANVILLE, Akron, O. Box 1266. Agents wanted.

FISHERMEN!
TWINES AND NETTING,
MANUFACTURED BY
WM. E. HOOPER & SONS, Baltimore, Md.
☞ Send for Price-List, naming your County and State.

MARSHALL'S
PREPARED CUBEBS,
A Sure Remedy for CATARRH, COLD in the HEAD, ASTHMA, all DISEASES of the THROAT, Hay-Fever, Foul Breath, &c.
DEPOT,
JAMES B. HORNER,
59 Maiden Lane, N.Y., U.S.A.
Sample box by mail, postage prepaid, on receipt of 25 cents. Sold by Druggists.

Every Man His own printer Saves ¼ in printing bills! Cheapest way to ad'tise!

$3 Press Prints labels, cards etc. (Self-inker $5) 9 Larger sizes For business, pleasure, young or old Catalogue of Presses, Type, Etc., for 2 stamps. KELSEY & Co. Meriden, Conn

FLORILINE.

"FLORILINE."—FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH
Is the best liquid dentifrice in the world.
Prepared by HENRY C. GALLUP, No. 493 Oxford Street, London, England, and retailed everywhere.

FRAGRANT
SOZODONT
Is a composition of the purest and choicest ingredients of the vegetable kingdom. It cleanses, beautifies, and preserves the **TEETH,** hardens and invigorates the gums, and cools and refreshes the mouth. Every ingredient of this **Balsamic** dentifrice has a beneficial effect on the **Teeth and Gums. Impure Breath,** caused by neglected teeth, catarrh, tobacco, or spirits, is not only neutralized, but rendered fragrant, by the daily use of **SOZODONT.** It is as harmless as water, and has been indorsed by the most scientific men of the day. Sold by druggists.

CRITICS PRONOUNCE THE NEW NOVEL
BY
WILKIE COLLINS,
ENTITLED
The Fallen Leaves,
HIS
GREATEST WORK.
Exclusive arrangements have been made with the author to print it in
FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
No. 1215,
READY THIS MORNING,
Contains the Opening Chapter.
10 cents Weekly, $4 00 Yearly.
FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Nos. 53, 55, and 57 Park Place, New York.

MICROSCOPES, Opera Glasses, Spectacles, at greatly reduced prices. Send three stamps for Illustrated Catalogue.
R. & J. BECK, Philadelphia.

WILLARD'S HOTEL,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
BRESLIN & COOKE, Proprietors.
Now open for the reception of guests.

HEIDSIECK & Co
Dry Monopole
Extra
CHAMPAGNE

CHAS. F. SCHMIDT & PETERS, New York.
Sole Agents for U. S. and Canada.

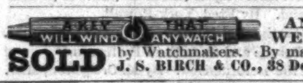
"THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT."
By H. M. STANLEY.
The only original and complete account of Stanley's wonderful exploration of the great African Lakes and the River Congo from its source to the Atlantic, told by himself; is copyrighted and published by HARPER & BROTHERS, by special arrangement with the author; and is sold through Canvassers only. It is printed in two magnificent volumes, profusely illustrated from Stanley's own sketches, with an appended table (from his Diary) of his 1000 days' wanderings over a distance of 7158 miles, and will be found to be the most popular subscription-book of the year.

Parties whom the canvasser fails to see may write to the publishers, and the agent will be directed to call.

Agents Wanted. HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

CASSEBEER'S AMMONIA LOZENGES
Mitigates Coughs, Colds, &c.; allays Throat Tickling; facilitates Expectoration. At Druggists, or by mail, 25c. H. A. CASSEBEER, 57 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

CHINESE AND JAPANESE DEPOT.
H. C. PARKE, 186 Front St.,
Between Fulton St. and Burling Slip, N. Y. *Rich Porcelains, Bronzes, Enamels, and Screens.*



AND NOT WEAR OUT.
SOLD by Watchmakers. By mail, 30 cents. J. S. BIRCH & CO., 38 Dey St., N. Y.

WILL BE PUBLISHED
Wednesday Next, Jan. 15th, 1879.
AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.
"AS IT MAY HAPPEN"
A STORY OF
American Life and Character.
12mo, Extra Cloth, $1 50.

The Eminent Critic, Dr. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, who read the advance sheets of "As It May Happen," writes to its publishers as follows:
"This is a story of American life and character truly original in design and successful in execution. The author introduces his readers to possible people and probable incidents. The dialogue is natural all through, very unaffected and characteristic. It is to be noticed that the women, of various grades and ages, maids or matrons, who appear in this story, have the great merit of being truly feminine throughout. There is infinite variety of action, there is suffering, there is crime—and there is detection and punishment, by which 'the wrong is made right' at last. 'Dibbs' is an entirely new creation. There is some humor to relieve a great deal of mystery. Part of this arises out of the incidents, but more is suggested by an Irish farm-laborer, who differs essentially from the stereotyped 'Paddy' of the stage, and in his idiomatic and amusing language is irresistibly comic as well as forcible. The story, good as it is, would lose one of its points of attraction if Patrick were removed from it. The author displays great power and skill in constructing and telling a story, the interest of which never flags."

A Prominent Man gives his opinion of "As It May Happen" thus:
"Nothing has interested me so much for many a long day as this story. 'The *American* novel'—long looked for—has certainly come; and I prophesy a very great success for this book. It is admirably written, entirely original in its plot and development, and its characters are certainly the creations of a genius. Its humor, especially in its portrayal of Irish character, is simply inimitable, and its pathos is most natural and effective. If it is the work of a new candidate for popular favor, a new star is about to arise in the firmament of American literature."

Opinion of a Distinguished Clergyman who read the manuscript of "As It May Happen:"
"It will excite unusual interest and find a rare degree of favor with all lovers of pure fiction. It is decidedly a 'wholesome' story, and is not dependent for its wonderful interest on anything questionable in matter or method. It points its own moral and teaches its own lesson, and does this the more effectively because it is free from all mere moralizing."

From the private letter of a Brilliant Litterateur who has read an advance copy of "As It May Happen."
"I pronounce it the best American novel that has appeared for years. It is exciting in a healthful way, and with alternating pathos and humor steadily maintains its interest from the first page to the last. Most of its characters are strikingly original."

☞ For sale by all Booksellers, or will be sent by mail, postpaid, upon receipt of the price by
PORTER & COATES, Publishers,
No. 822 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE TASTELESS REGULATOR.
THE LOZENGE LAXATIVE.
LAXATINE
The best preparation of MAGNESIA made into delightfully flavored LOZENGES, being one of the most useful and reliable **Laxative Medicines,** suitable for all ages and conditions, for regulating the bowels, and for the prevention, immediate relief and permanent cure of **Constipation,**
HEMORRHOIDS or PILES,
BILIOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE, ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN, FLATULENCY, ACIDITY and HEARTBURN; it is also most valuable as a **Spring Medicine.**
Price 25 cts. per box.
Sold by all Druggists or mailed FREE on receipt of price by DUNDAS DICK & Co., 35 Wooster St., New York. Explanatory circular FREE on application.

Harper's New and Enlarged Catalogue
WITH A COMPLETE ANALYTICAL INDEX,
AND A
VISITORS' GUIDE TO THEIR ESTABLISHMENT,
Sent by mail on receipt of NINE CENTS.
HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

1879 THE PEOPLE'S PAPER. 1879
THE INTER OCEAN.
PRICE REDUCED TO SUIT THE TIMES.

WEEKLY, $1.15, POSTAGE PAID.	SEMI-WEEKLY, $2.50, POSTAGE PAID.	DAILY, $10.00, POSTAGE PAID.

As a Literary, Family, and Political Paper it is Unexcelled.
ITS AGRICULTURAL AND COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENTS
ARE THE VERY BEST.

THE INTER OCEAN is a bold and outspoken paper. It denounces bulldozing in the South, and treachery and fraud everywhere, and is the champion of FREE SPEECH AND FREE MEN from Maine to Texas.
In all respects THE INTER OCEAN is the Representative Paper of the Northwest.
Send for Sample Copies.
Money should be sent in Money Order, Registered Letter, Bank Draft, or by Express. Address THE INTER OCEAN, Chicago, Ill.

AN ALGERINE STORY-TELLER.—[FROM THE PICTURE BY W. J. MORGAN.]

AN ALGERINE STORY-TELLER.

THE native Moslem population of Algiers is considerably mixed, but we believe it still contains a good proportion of the Arab or Saracen race element; and it need scarcely be remarked that the love of entertaining fiction and the talent of inventing marvellous or humorous narratives have in all ages been characteristic of their lively Oriental temperament. Learned students of philological and literary antiquities have borne testimony to the abundant share which Arab genius has long since contributed to the "folk-lore" and the romantic poetry of Southern and Western Europe. The Italian, Spanish, and Provençal story-tellers of the Middle Ages, the composers of innumerable tales in heroic verse, and the ballad-makers and dramatists who came after them in France and England, were much more indebted to the Arabs than they could ever be aware. We should not be at all surprised, were we enabled to listen to this energetic declaimer of a popular legend, and to understand the richly expressive language in which he speaks, if the subject of his animated discourse should turn out to be identical with some of the nursery tales which amused our American infancy, or perhaps with some droll piece of social comedy treated by CHAUCER or SHAKSPEARE in a different style.

The stock of really original plots for narratives of fiction is smaller than any one would think; and the ground idea of a striking dramatic incident or situation has often been transferred, perhaps unconsciously, to stories which have little or no superficial resemblance. But the Algerine story-teller and his delighted audience must be left to their own harmless pleasure, which is quite equal to that of reading most of our novels, and has the advantage of being enjoyed in company and in the open air.

ENGLISH CHURCH ARCHITECTURE—THE NORWICH CATHEDRAL.—[SEE PAGE 60.]